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DON LEON

LORD BYRON

THE FORTUNE PRESS

Roger Senhouse

Tom Bevan

DON LEON

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DON LEON

A POEM

by

LORD BYRON

AUTHOR OF CHILDE HAROLD, DON JUAN, &C., &C.

AND FORMING PART OF THE PRIVATE JOURNAL
OF HIS LORDSHIP, SUPPOSED TO HAVE
BEEN ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY
THOS. MOORE.

" Pardon, dear Tom, these thoughts on days gone by
Me men revile, and thou must justify.
Yet in my bosom apprehensions rise,
(For brother poets have their jealousies),
Lest under false pretences thou shouldst turn
A faithless friend, and these confessions burn."

TO WHICH IS ADDED

LEON TO ANNABELLA

AN EPISTLE FROM

LORD BYRON

TO LADY BYRON

Published for subscribers by

THE FORTUNE PRESS
LONDON

DON LEON

Thou ermined judge, pull off that sable cap!
What! Cans't thou lie, and take thy morning nap?
Peep thro' the casement; see the gallows there:
Thy work hangs on it; could not mercy spare?
What had he done? Ask crippled Talleyrand,
Ash Beckford, Courtenay, all the motley band
Of priest and laymen, who have shared his guilt
(If guilt it be) then slumber if thou wilt;
What bonds had he of social safety broke?
Found'st thou the dagger hid beneath his cloak?
He stopped no lonely traveller on the road;
He burst no lock, he plundered no abode;
He never wrong'd the orphan of his own;
He stifled not the ravish'd maiden's groan.
His secret haunts were hid from every soul,
Till thou did'st send thy myrmidons to prowl,
And watch the prickings of his morbid lust,
To wring his neck and call thy doings just.
And shall the Muse, whilst pen and paper lie
Upon the table, hear the victim's cry.

Nor boldly lay her cauterising hand
Upon a wound that cankers half the land?
No! were the bays that flourish round my head
Destined to wither, when these lines are read:
Could all the scourges canting priest invent
To prop their legendary lies, torment
My soul in death or rack my body here,
My voice I'd raise insensible to fear.
When greedy placemen drain a sinking state,
When virtue starves and villains dine off plate;
When lords and senators untouched by shame,
For schemes of basest fraud can lend their name;
When elders, charged to guard the pauper's trust;
Feast on the funds, and leave the poor a crust;
When knaves like these escape the hangman's noose,
Who e'en to Clogher a pardon would refuse?
Who would not up and lend a hand to save
A venial culprit from a felon's grave?
Sheer indignation quickens into rhyme,
And silence now were tantamount to crime.
I know not in what friendly breast to pour
My swelling rage save, into thine, dear Moore,
For thou, methinks, some sympathy will own,
Since, love, no matter in what guise 'tis shown,
Must ever find an echo from that lyre,
Which erst hath glowed with old Anacreon's fire.
  Death levels all; and, deaf to mortal cries,
At his decree the prince or beggar dies.

So, when I'm gone, as gone I soon may be,
Be thou, dear Tom, an honest, firm trustee;
And, nor for filthy lucre, nor to dine
At Holland House, erase one single line.
To titled critics pay no servile court;
But print my thoughts through good or ill report.
And if these musings serve but to dispense
One little dose of useful common sense,
I fain would hope they greater good had done
Than all the pious tracts of Rivington.
  Can it be justice in a land like ours,
Where every vice in full luxuriance flowers—
Where schoolboys' eyes can recognise afar
Soho's green blinds and Lisle-street doors ajar—
Where bold-faced harlots impudently spurn
The modest virgin's blush at every turn,
Where every pavement hears their ribald laugh,
Spite of the Bow-street gang and watchman's staff,
That one propensity (which always hides
Its sport obscene, and into darkness glides,
Which none so brazened e'er presume to own,
Which, left unheeded, would remain unknown,
Should be the game their worships will pursue
With keenest ardour all the country through.
No parson of the quorum feels a blush
To claim the honours of the stinking brush):
Whilst at the scent unkennelled curs give tongue,
Until the poor misogynist is hung.

Yet naught can satisfy the foul-mouthed crew;
Laid in his grave their victim they pursue;
And base Smellfunguses insult his ghost
With sainted columns in the *Morning Post*.
I grant that casuists the Bible quote,
And tell us how God's tardy vengeance smote
Lot's native town with brimstone from the sky,
To punish this impure delinquency,
Unmindful that the drunkard's kiss defiled
(Whilst yet the embers smoked), his virgin child.
But reason doubts the Jewish prophet's tale.
Does history then no other place bewail?
Descend the Nile, and steer your bark along
The shores recorded in Homeric song.
Where's centi-portalled Thebes? The crumbling stone
Marks well its site, but sandy mounds have grown
O'er granite fanes that line the public way,
And seem to bid defiance to decay.
Why seek we Priam's palaces in vain?
Why howls the blast o'er Lacedæmon's plain?
Where's Memphis? Wherefore in Persepolis
Do jackals scream, and venomed serpents hiss?
What! were thy ramparts, Babylon, so thick;
And hast thou left us not a single brick?
But where's thy house, Zenobia? Thou wast Queen
Of Tadmor once; and now the Bedoween
Erects his tent, and scares the fleet gazelle,
That comes to drink at thy sulphureous well.

Where's Cæsarea now, or Antioch? Where?
And yet their domes deserved God's special care,
There Paul was honoured; there our faith proclaimed,
There true believers first were Christians named.
Who has not seen how Mother Church can press
Each vain tradition to her purposes,
And from the cradle to the grave supply
Proofs sacred of infallibility?
Would you be damned? a text conveys her curse;
Or rise again? you have it in a verse.
Her rites as means of revenue are prized:
For mammon's sake our infants are baptized.
With golden offerings marriages are made;
Woe to the union where no fee is paid.
Who weds or fornicates, no matter which,
Children begets, and makes the altar rich;
But, where no offerings to the surplice fall,
The taste forthwith is anti-physical.
Hell-fire can hardly expiate the guilt
Of that damned sin—the church's rubric bilked.
The tree we plant will, when its boughs are grown,
Produce no other blossoms than its own;
And thus in man some inborn passions reign
Which, spite of careful pruning, sprout again.
Then, say, was I or nature in the wrong,
If, yet a boy, one inclination, strong
In wayward fancies, domineered my soul,
And bade complete defiance to control?

What, though my youthful instincts, forced to brood
Within my bosom seemed awhile subdued?
What, though, by early education taught,
The charms of women first my homage caught?
What, though my verse in Mary's praises flowed?
And flowers poetic round her footsteps strewed,
Yet, when her ears would list not to my strain,
And every sigh was answered with disdain,
Pride turned, not stopped, the course of my desires,
Extinguished these, and lighted other fires.
And as the pimple which cosmetic art
Repels from one, invades another part,
My bubbling passions found another vent,
The object changed, but not the sentiment.
And, e'er my years could task my reason why,
Sex caused no qualms where beauty lured the eye.
Such were my notions ere my teens began,
And such their progress till I grew a man.
With thee, dear Margaret, whose tender looks
Made me forget my task, my play, my books,
Young though we were, our union soared above
The frigid systems of Platonic love.
Untutored how to kiss, how oft I hung,
Upon thy neck, whilst from my burning tongue
Between thy lips the kindling glow was sent,
And nature fanned the new-born sentiment!
How oft, beneath the arbour's mystic shade,
My boyish vows of constancy were made!

There on the grass as we recumbent lay,
Not coy wast thou, nor I averse to play;
And in that hour thy virtue's sole defence
Was not thy coldness, but my innocence.
Among the yeomen's sons on my estate
A gentle boy would at my mansion wait:
And now that time has almost blanched my hair,
And with the past the present I compare,
Full well I know, though decency forbad
The same caresses to a rustic lad;
Love, love it was, that made my eyes delight
To have his person ever in my sight.
Yes, Rushton, though to unobserving eyes,
My favours but as lordly gifts were prized;
Yet something then would inwardly presage
The predilections of my riper age.
Why did I give the gauds to deck thy form?
Why for a menial did my entrails warm?
Why? but from secret longings to pursue
Those inspirations, which, if books speak true,
Have led e'en priest and sages to embrace
Those charms, which female blandishments efface.
Thus passed my boyhood: and though proofs were none
What path my future course of life would run
Like sympathetic ink, if then unclear,
The test applied soon made the trace appear.
I bade adieu to school and tyro's sports,
And Cam received me in his gothic courts.

Freed from the pedagogue's tyrannic sway,
In mirth and revels I consumed the day.
No more my truant muse her vigils kept;
No more she soothed my slumbers as I slept;
But, idling now, she oft recalled the time
When to her reed I tuned my feeble rhyme.
She knew how those 'midst song and mirth grow dull
Whose tender bosoms soft emotions lull.
As manhood came, my feelings, more intense,
Sighed for some kindred mind, where confidence,
Tuned in just unison, might meet return,
And whilst it warmed my breast, in his might burn.
Oft, when the evening bell to vespers rung,
When the full choir the solemn anthem sung,
And lips, o'er which no youthful down had grown,
Hymned their soft praises to Jehovah's throne,
The pathos of the strain would soothe my soul,
And call me willing from the drunkard's bowl.
Who, that has heard the chapel's evening song,
When peals divine the lengthened note prolong,
But must have felt religious thoughts arise,
And speed their way melodious to the skies.
Among the choir a youth my notice won,
Of pleasing lineaments named Eddleston.
With gifts well suited to a stripling's mood,
His friendship and his tenderness I wooed.
Oh! how I loved to press his cheek to mine;
How fondly would my arms his waist entwine!

Another feeling borrowed friendship's name,
And took its mantle to conceal my shame.
Another feeling! Oh! 'tis hard to trace
The line where love usurps tame friendship's place.
Friendship's the chrysalis, which seems to die,
But throws its coil to give love wing to fly.
Both are the same, but in another state;
This formed to soar, and that to vegetate.
Of humble birth was he—patrician I.
And yet this youth was my idolatry.
Strong was my passion, past all inward cure
And could it be so violent, yet pure?
'Twas like a philter poured into my veins—
And as the chemist, when some vase contains
An unknown mixture, each component tries
With proper tests, the draught to analyze;
So questioned I myself: What lights this fire?
Maids and not boys are wont to move desire;
Else 'twere illicit love. Oh! sad mishap!
But what prompts nature then to set the trap?
Why night and day does his sweet image float
Before my eyes? or wherefore do I doat
On that dear face with ardour so intense?
Why truckles reason to concupiscence?
Though law cries "hold!" yet passion onward draws;
But nature gave us passions, man gave laws,
Whence spring these inclinations, rank and strong?
And harming no one, wherefore call them wrong?

What's virtue's touchstone? Unto others do,
As you would wish that others did to you.
Then tell me not of sex, if to one key
The chords, when struck, vibrate in harmony.
No virgin I deflower, nor, lurking, creep,
With steps adult'rous, on a husband's sleep.
I plough no field in other men's domain;
And where I delve no seed shall spring again.
Thus with myself I reasoned; then I read,
And counsel asked from volumes of the dead.
Oh! flowery path, thus hand in hand to walk
With Plato and enjoy his honeyed talk.
Beneath umbrageous planes to sit at ease,
And drink from wisdom's cup with Socrates.
Now stray with Bion through the shady grove;
Midst deeds of glory, now with Plutarch rove.
And oft I turned me to the Mantuan's page,
To hold discourse with shepherds of his age;
Or mixed with Horace in the gay delights
Of courtly revels, theatres, and sights;
And thou, whose soft seductive lines comprise
The code of love, thou hadst my sympathies;
But still, where'er I turned, in verse or prose,
Whate'er I read, some fresh dilemma rose,
And reason, that should pilot me along,
Belied her name, or else she led me wrong.
I love a youth; but Horace did the same;
If he's absolv'd, say, why am I to blame?

When young Alexis claimed a Virgil's sigh,
He told the world his choice; and may not I?
Shall every schoolman's pen his verse extol,
And, sin in me, in him a weakness call?
Then why was Socrates surnamed the sage,
Not only in his own, but every age,
If lips, whose accents strewed the path of truth,
Could print their kisses on some favoured youth?
Or why should Plato, in his Commonwealth
Score tenets up which I must note by stealth?
Say, why, when great Epaminondas died,
Was Cephidorus buried by his side?
Or why should Plutarch with eulogiums cite
That chieftain's love for his young catamite,
And we be forced his doctrine to decry,
Or drink the bitter cup of infamy?
But these, thought I, are samples musty grown;
Turn we from early ages to our own.
No heathen's lust is matter of surprise;
He only aped his Pagan deities;
But when a Saviour had redeemed the world,
And all false idols from Olympus hurled,
A purer code the Christian law revealed,
And what was venial once as guilt was sealed.
With zeal unwearied I resumed again
My search, and read whate'er the layman's pen
In annals grave or chronicles had writ;
But can I own with any benefit?

'Tis true, mankind had cast the pagan skin,
But all the carnal part remained within
Unchang'd, and nature, breaking through the fence,
Still vindicated her omnipotence.
Look, how infected with this rank disease
Were those, who held St. Peter's holy keys,
And pious men to whom the people bowed,
And kings, who churches to the saints endowed;
All these were Christians of the highest stamp—
How many scholars, wasting o'er their lamp,
How many jurists, versed in legal rules,
How many poets, honoured in the schools,
How many captains, famed for deeds of arms,
Have found their solace in a minion's arms!
Nay, e'en our bard, Dame Nature's darling child,
Felt the strange impulse, and his hours beguiled
In penning sonnets to a stripling's praise,
Such as would damn a poet now-a-days.
To this conclusion we must come at last:
Wise men have lived in generations past,
Whose deeds and sayings history records,
To whom the palm of virtue she awards,
Who, tempted, ate of that forbidden tree,
Which prejudice denies to you and me.
Then be consistent; and, at once confess,
If man's pursuit through life is happiness,
The great, the wise, the pious, and the good,
Have what they sought not rightly understood;

Or deem not else that aberration crime,
Which reigns in every caste and every clime.
  Harassed by doubts, I threw my books aside,
Oh! false-named beacons of mankind, I cried,
Perdition's in your light! The gleam you show
Guides to a haven where no bark should go.
'Tis you that foster an illicit trade,
And warp us where a strict embargo's laid.
'Twere just as well to let the vessel glide
Resistless down the current, as confide
In charts, that lead the mariner astray,
And never mark the breakers in his way.
  But tell us casuists, were statutes meant
To scourge the wicked or the innocent?
What! if the husbandman, among the seeds
Of wholesome grain, detects unwholesome weeds;
What! if amidst the standing corn appear
Destructive tares, and choke the goodly ear;
Is evil, not prepense, a crime defined?
Are caitiffs those, whose sin was undesigned?
  In vice unhackneyed, in *Justine* unread,
See schoolboys, by some inclination fed:
Some void, that's hardly to themselves confest,
Flying for solace to a comrade's breast.
In lonely walks their vows of friendship pass,
Warm as the shepherd's to his rustic lass.
Their friendship ripens into closer ties:
They love. Then mutual vague desires arise.

Perhaps by night they share each other's bed,
'Till step by step, to closer union led,
Like wantons, whom some unknown feeling charms,
Each thinks he clasps a mistress in his arms.
Imperious nature's sensual prickings goad,
They own her dictates, but mistake the road.
Fond parents, speak! if truth can find her way
Through fogs of prejudice to open day.
Is there a father, when, instead of this,
His offspring sickens with a syphilis,
Who can unmoved his tender bantling see
Devoured with chancres, writhing with chordee,
His blooming looks grown prematurely old,
His manhood wasted ere its hours are told,
His means with harlots and in brothels spent,
His breath infected and his body bent,
And will not own that any means were good
To save from taint so foul, if save he could?
Reflect, and chide not errors that arise
Less from design than man's infirmities.
Shut, shut your eyes, ye pedagogues, nor keep
Too close a watch upon your pupils' sleep:
For though, in boyish ignorance they may
Stumble perchance on some illicit play,
Which looks like lechery the most refined,
In them 'tis not depravity of mind.
Ingenuous souls, oft innocent of wrong,
For some enjoyment yet untasted long:

'Twas ye who roused the latent sense of shame,
And called their gambols by an odious name.
Harrow, thy hill unblemished had remained
Through years to come; but senseless fools arrainged,
With noisy zeal the rumours faintly spread,
And fixed a stigma on thy honoured head.
Thus feverish fancies floated in my brain.
Longing, yet forced my purpose to restrain,
Upon the brink of infamy I staid,
Now half resolved to plunge, now half afraid.
But fate, that turns the eddy of our lives,
And, at its will, like straws our fortune drives,
Saved me, ere yet the desperate chance was run;
For death deprived me of my Eddleston.
I pass the useless hours in college spent—
The morning's lounge, the evening's merriment,
The tutor's lecture flippantly disdained,
The bottle emptied and the punch-bowl drained,
The restless slumber and the spewy bed,
And all the horrors of an aching head;
Some of our proud aristocratic joys;
Youth's vision that reality destroys;
The course pursued to people, church, and state.
And rear up senators for grave debate.
These classic pastimes had no charms for me;
They filled my breast with languor and ennui.
The daily round of dull scholastic rules
Amused me not.—"I'll quit these wordy fools,"

Cried I, " who pass unprofitable days
" To square a circle or collate a phrase.
" Be mine a wider field to till the mind,
" I'll ramble, and investigate mankind."
Launched on the main to distant climes I sailed,
And mental freedom's pure Aurora hailed
With all the glow that ardent youth inspires,
Borne on the tempest of its own desires,
What splendid cities and what navied ports,
What feasts, what revels, and what princely courts
I saw, were matter foreign to my theme :
Love, love, clandestine love, was still my dream.
Methought there must be yet some people found,
Where Cupid's wings were free, his hands unbound
Where law had no erotic statutes framed,
Nor gibbets stood to fright the unreclaimed.
I'll seek the Turk—there undisputed reigns
The little god, and still his rights maintains.
There none can trespass on forbidden ground :
There venial youths in every stew are found,
And with their blandishments inveigle man,
As does in Christian lands the courtezan.
Lo ! to the winds the sail its bosom heaves,
Bland zephyrs waft us and the port receives,
Where sable Euxine past is seen to glide,
To join his waters with a fairer bride.
'Tis there Byzantium's minarets arise
Tipt with their golden crescents to the skies :

And trees and palaces from height to height
With vivid hues enrich the novel sight.
Here much I saw—and much I mused to see
The loosened garb of Eastern luxury.
I sought the brothel, where, in maiden guise,
The black-eyed boy his trade unblushing plies ;
Where in lewd dance he acts the scenic show—
His supple haunches wriggling to and fro :
With looks voluptuous the thought excites,
Whilst gazing sit the hoary sybarites :
Whilst gentle lute and drowsy tambourine
Add to the langour of the monstrous scene.
Yes, call it monstrous ! but not monstrous, where
Close latticed harems hide the timid fair :
With mien gallant where pæderasty smirks,
And whoredom, felon like, in covert lurks.
All this I saw—but saw it not alone—
A friend was with me ; and I dared not own
How much the sight had touched some inward sense,
Too much for e'en the closest confidence.
Deep in the dark recesses of my mind
I hid my thoughts, nor told what they designed.
Quit we (I cried) these prostituted walls—
A second Sodom here my heart appals.
Spare us good Lord ! like patriarchial Lot !
If fire and brimstone falls, oh, burn us not !
This mask of horror served my purpose well—
Resolved to do what yet I feared to tell.

I found no kindred leaning in the breast
Of those around me, and I felt opprest.
We bent again our topsails to the breeze,
And reached unharmed those smooth cærulean seas,
Whose surface, studded with a hundred isles,
Heaves like the nurse that hugs her babes, and smiles.
" Shipmates, farewell ! and thou, John Cam, adieu ! "
The nimble sailors up the mainsail clew :
" Starboard the helm "—the topsails fall aback,
And the ship's course seems suddenly to slack.
Down from the davits swiftly glides the boat—
The boatswain whistles, and away we float,
" Now pull together, lads ! " We reach the land,
And Zea's rock receives me on the strand.
Hail, freedom, hail ! For though the soil I trod,
Still groaning lay beneath the Moslem's rod,
Here first to me her benisons were known,
For mental freedom is to think alone.
Ah ! little wots the friend I quitted here,
What strange adventures marked the coming year.
He sought his native shores ; and ever brave
In danger's hour the freeman's rights to save,
Stood in the senate by a people's choice,
And, not unheeded, raised his patriot voice.
I, wicked Childe, pursued a different course :
A demon urged, and with Satanic force
Still goaded on. Retrieve the moment lost,
(He whispered)—Haste, and pleasure's cup exhaust.

Go, lay theee down beneath the shady plain,
Where Phædrus heard grave Plato's voice complain.
Another Phædrus may perchance go by,
And thy fond dreams become reality.
Thou knows't the land where cool Ilyssus flows,
Where myrtles blossom and the olive grows,
Where ruined temples overhang the plain,
And lawless Klephts in devastation reign :
Though reckless time has scarce preserved a trace
Of what it was, I hied me to that place.
Ye virtuous dead, whose names shall never die,
Long as the sun illumes earth's canopy ;
Long as divine philosophy shall dwell
In mortal breasts ; long as the sacred well
Of Helicon shall pour the stream of song,
And noble deeds to poesy belong,
Ye falling monuments and mouldering fanes,
Where still the magic of past greatness reigns ;
Thou tall Hymettus, on whose honied top
Fresh odours rise, and dews in fragrance drop ;
Piræus, with thy never angry wave,
Where oft my languid limbs I used to lave.
Scenes, where my soul in stillness and retreat,
Indulged in thought and lucubration sweet :
Ne'er till this body in corruption rot,
Shall those loved moments ever be forgot.
In Athens stands an antiquated tower,
Built to the winds, whose good or evil power

Can one while fan with soft and balmy breath,
Then blow the rushing mighty blast of death.
This tower, composed by nicest rules of art,
And richly chiselled round in every part,
Which still the wonder of the traveller wins,
Served as a cell for hooded capuchins,
Whose walls monastic, girding it around,
Had changed the Pagan spot to holy ground.
'Twas here the pilgrim, doubtful where to lay
His weary head, a welcome guest would stay ;
And, for his humble mite, could hope to share
The frugal monastery's daily fare.
Historians still some old traditions quote,
That here Demosthenes his speeches wrote ;
And hence the temple with the vulgar famed,
The lantern of Demosthenes was named.
There dwelt I long, the tenant of that cell :
And not a mountain's side or hidden dell,
And not a classic spot, or fragment rude,
Or lettered plinth, but what in turn I viewed.
Chance led me once, when idling through the street,
Beneath a porch my listless limbs to seat,
Where rudely heaped, some sculptured marbles lay,
Of pediments now crumbled to decay.
There the fallen building as I musing eyed,
Which meditation to the mind supplied,
And called me back to epochs now remote,
When Zeuzis painted and when Plato wrote,

Aloof my faithful Tartar waiting stood,
(Derwish Tahiri); for he understood
His master's fancies, and with naked blade,
The near approach of boorish men had staid.
Close to the spot a Grecian dwelling reared
Its modest roof. A courteous man appeared;
And, bowing low, with invitation pressed
To enter in, and on his sofa rest.
I crossed the threshold of the courteous man,
And smoked and chatted. Close by the divan
His son, as Eastern usages demand,
In modest attitude was seen to stand.
And smiling watched the signals of my will,
To pour sherbet, or the long *chibook* fill.
Grace marked his actions, symmetry his form;
His eyes had made an anchorite grow warm,
His long attire, his silken *anteri*,
Gave pleasing doubts of what his sex might be;
And who that saw him would perplexed have been,
For beauty marked his gender epicœne.

Day after day my visits I renewed,
His love with presents like a mistress wooed;
Until his sire with dreams of greatness won,
To be my page made offer of his son.
I took him in my train, with culture stored
His mind, and in it choice instruction poured;
Till like the maiden, who some budding rose
Waters with care and watches till it blows,

Then plucks and places it upon her breast,
I too this blossom to my bosom pressed.
All ye who know what pleasure 'tis to heave
A lover's sigh, the warm caress receive
Of some fond mistress, and with anxious care
Watch each caprice, and every ailment share.
Ye only know how hard it is to cure
The burning fever of love's calenture.
Come, crabbed philosophers, and tell us why
Should men to harsh ungrateful studies fly
In search of bliss, when e'en a single day
Of dalliance can an age of love outweigh!
How many hours I've sat in pensive guise,
To watch the mild expression of his eyes!
Or when asleep at noon, and from his mouth
His breath came sweet like odours from the south,
How long I've hung in rapture as he lay,
And silent chased the insect tribe away.
How oft at morn, when troubled by the heat,
The covering fell disordered at his feet,
I've gazed unsated at his naked charms,
And clasped him waking to my longing arms.
How oft in winter, when the sky o'ercast
Capped the bleak mountains, and the ruthless blast
Moaned through the trees, or lashed the surfy strand,
I've drawn myself the glove upon his hand,
Thrown o'er his tender limbs the rough capote,
Or tied the kerchief round his snowy throat.

How oft, when summer saw me fearless brave
With manly breast the blue transparent wave,
Another Dœdalus I taught him how
With spreading arms the liquid waste to plough.
Then brought him gently to the sunny beach,
And wiped the briny moisture from his breech.
  Oh! how the happy moments seemed to fly,
Spent half in love and half in poetry!
The muse each morn I wooed, each eve the boy,
And tasted sweets that never seemed to cloy.
Let those, like Œdipus, whose skill divine
Can solve enigmas strange, unriddle mine.
How can two rivers from one fountain flow,
This salt, that fresh, and in two channels go?
Why one while would a living well-spring gush
Forth from my brain, and with pure waters rush
In copious streams to fertilize the rhyme
Which haply yet shall live to later time?
And why, anon, like some Artesian fount
Would oozings foul e'en from my entrails mount,
Salacious, and in murky current wet
The urn beneath with interrupted jet?
  In Athens lived a widow poor and old,
Who once could boast of coffers filled with gold;
But when her husband died, misfortune came,
And left her nothing but her honest name,
With three young bantlings. 'Twas her lot to see
Their years and charms increase to puberty.

Theresa, Catherine, and Marianne,
(For so their Christian appellations ran),
Had eyes like antelopes, with polished skins,
And that ingenuous modesty that wins
Men's admiration by no schooling taught,
And wields a sceptre which was never sought.
Much talk their beauty had in Athens made;
Like others I my court and homage paid;
For rich men find an access where they will.
Methought 'twere good my vacant hours to fill
In adoration at their beauty's shrine,
And if they yielding proved, to make them mine.
They proved but statues; rarely would their speech
Beyond a simple affirmation reach.
They never heard of Almack's, never knew
Whose play was damned, who made the last *début*.
On Broadwood's keys, arranged in ivory row,
Their taper fingers never learned to go.
Bound in morocco, there no album lay
To register each poetaster's lay.
They read no page beyond the morning mass,
Spelt with the aid of some revered papas:
But, half reclined upon a low settee
With naked feet, and waist from corset free,
Their joy was mocha's beverage to sip
From small finjans of Chinese workmanship,
Or count their rosaries in listless ease,
Whilst dying swains were sighing at their knees.

Felt I their charms? I felt them not; for me,
They just sufficed to tune my poetry.
And though some leaf, which to the winds I cast
Might say Theresa all her sex surpassed,
I did as doctors do, who potions make,
Which they prescribe much oftener than they take;
Or as the preacher lauds the angels, more
To make his hearers than himself adore.
Women as women, me had never charmed,
And shafts that others felt left me unharmed.
  But thou, Giraud, whose beauty would unlock
The gates of prejudice, and bid me mock
The sober fears that timid minds endure,
Whose ardent passions women only cure,
Receive this faithful tribute to thy charms,
Not vowed alone, but paid too in thy arms.
For here the wish, long cherished, long denied,
Within that monkish cell was gratified.
And as the sage, who dwelt on Leman's lake,
Nobly his inmost meditations spake,
Then dared the man, who would like him confess
His secret thoughts, to say his own were less;
So boldly I set calumny at naught,
And fearless utter what I fearless wrought.
For who that's shrived can say he never slipped?
Had conscience tongues what back would go unwhipt?
  Is there an idiosyncracy prevails
In those whose predilection is for males?

And like the satirist, who gravely said,
" When wives are tiresome take a boy to bed,"
Are female charms too feeble to resist
The rooted bent of the misogynist ?
I know not ; but from boyhood to the hour
Which saw my wish accomplished in that tower,
One thought undying ever would intrude
In pleasure's moments or in solitude,
So twigs, kept down by force, remount again,
So casks infected, still their smell retain.
So needy spendthrifts, who are forced to pawn
Their goods and chattels, when their credit's gone,
From rooted instinct, where the brokers use
A double entrance, will the back one choose.
Sometimes I sauntered from my lone abode
Down to the palace of the town waiwode.
Methinks I see him on his rich divan,
In crimson clad, a proud and lordly man.
An amber-headed pipe of costly wood
Adorned his hand : around kawasses stood.
A sable beard his gravity bespoke,
His measured words the silence rarely broke.
Beside him sat a boy of gentle mien,
In rich attire, in age about fifteen.
His red tarbûsh o'ertopped his jet black hair,
His cheeks were comely and his skin was fair.
His faultless form, in Grecian garments cloaked,
Thoughts more than mere benevolence provoked.

Not Ganymede, whose all bewitching shape,
Could in Olympus sanctify a rape.
Not Ali, long the Moslem prophet's joy,
Bloomed with such graces as this Grecian boy.
  Waiwode, this stripling was thy catamite,
And if by grave examples men do right
To mould their lives, say, Was my conduct weak?
Was it a crime to imitate him? Speak.
Full well I know the answer; thou would'st cry
Shun, shun the monster, from his presence fly.
Alas, my friend, and whither should I go?
The self same usage reigns with high and low.
There's not an envoy our good king has sent
His royal Majesty to represent;
To lat a snuff-box at the sultan's feet;
To coax, to lie, to threaten, or to treat;
But must have known that, from the Grand Signor
Down to the Tartar squatted at his door,
All drink alike from that forbidden spring,
And with reluctance wear Hans Carvel's ring.
Upon that altar friendship's vows are pledged;
There young ambition's soaring wings are fledged;
There the fond wife, whene'er the marriage rite
Palls on her husband's sated appetite,
The wily Parthian's stratagem has learned,
Most sure to vanquish when her back is turned.
For this the Mufti has no need to brave
The scoffer's jest or dread the judge's glaive;

And fearless of the Alcoran's rebuke,
O'er female tenderness would almost puke.
On Albion's chaster sod we never dare
Consort with such delinquents; not so there.
  Come, Malthus, and, in Ciceronian prose,
Tell how a rutting population grows,
Until the produce of the soil is spent,
And brats expire for want of aliment.
Then call on God his mercies to dispense,
And prune the mass by war and pestilence.
Arm with your sophistry oppression's hand,
And interdict coition through the land.
Poor fool! the ruddy milkmaid's blooming cheek
Can language stronger than your volumes speak.
E'en in the cot, where pinching want assails,
Love still finds time to tell his tender tales;
Or else, when ousted from his lawful bed,
Resorts to grosser substitutes instead.
  Economists, who seek the world to thin,
'Tis you that teach this so named deadly sin;
And the poor wretch, denied a wife's embrace,
Appeases nature in another place.
In sterile furrows why not sow his seed?
Why follow not the strict Malthusian creed?
The Scripture says, "increase and multiply."
Malthus cries "No;" till doubt brings jeopardy.
  God, like the potter, when his clay is damp,
Gives every man, in birth, a different stamp.

Divergent tastes his appetites disclose ;
These reason justifies, example those.
Adair delights his manhood to display
From window casements, and across the way
Wooes some sultana's fascinated eyes,
Convinced the surest argument is size.
The reverend doctor, with a hernial taste,
Goes fastening trusses round a ruptured waist.
The Wadham fellow on a barber leers ;
The bishop drills the foot guard grenadiers.
Bred in the poisoned atmosphere of courts,
Ernest, in youth, with maids of honour sports
Expert on levee days their rumps to pinch ;
Then grown a whiskered roué every inch,
Tumbles the pillow of a sister's bed,
And trusts his secret only with the dead.
Too proud to tilt upon plebeian ground,
Of Norman blood a minion Beckford found ;
But caught perchance, in some unseemly play,
Years have not served to wipe the stain away.
H—— D—— paws, and red-haired Charlton sips,
Tip-tongued, the nectar from vaginal lips.
Some take a flogging, till the smart supplies
Incentives to their dormant energies.
Some hoary captains oft their yards have braced
Where Jean Secundus only basia placed ;
For Mother Wood has maidens complaisant,
With mouth-piece ready for each old gallant ;

And Mother Windsor plies her dirty work,
To suit the taste of Hebrew, Greek, or Turk.
Professors there peep through the wainscot hole,
And watch the needle dipping at the pole.
Or nicely solve by observations found,
The problem of the oval and the round.
Some in the flask can given their prowess leaven ;
Whilst some in corners make themselves a heaven.
The strumpet, Myrrha, steals by night, and stirs
Her sire to incest—Cenci poignards her's.
Dixie, to vengeance and to lust less prone,
Nor saves her father's honour nor her own.
A pair of breeches S—— and W——k shock,
They ask no joys beyond each other's smock.
Penelope, the model of a wife,
Grasps in her hand all night the staff of life,
And e'en in sleep to lose that bauble fears,
For which she sighed, a widow twenty years.
Lucretia drives a dagger to her heart,
Unwilling with her chastity to part.
The stern Virginius views his daughter dead
Unmoved, to save that film—a maidenhead ;
Which modern virtue is so used to slight,
It hardly serves to make rich gudgeons bite.
For things when new, not always will command
A price as great as when they're second hand.
So good Cremona fiddles sell for more,
Which amateurs have played upon before.

So able navigators sail secure,
Where previous soundings make the passage sure.
Had Foote been prudish, nobody would meet
Her carriage rolling down St. James's Street.
Had Blessington resolved her charms to bring
Into the market for a wedding ring,
She now might toil an honest farmer's bride,
And one fair flower unseen, had bloomed and died.
Oh! England, with thy hypocritic cant,
To hear the bench declaim, the pulpit rant,
Who would not say that chastity's pure gems
Had shed their lustre o'er the muddy Thames?
That self-condemned, decried, ineffable,
Innominate, this blackest sin of hell,
Had fled dismayed to some Transalpine shore,
To sully Albion's pudic cliffs no more?
Marked you the thousand inkhorns that indite,
With ruthless glee the name of some poor wight,
By Bow Street bloodhounds to their Jeffreys brought,
With flap unbuttoned, in some tap-room caught?
Heard you the thousand post-horns that diffuse
The foul details, and pimp to lust for news?
Saw you the wealthy, who profusely dine
On viands rich; and o'er their evening wine,
With well-feigned horror prophesy his end,
Nor at his fate one saving accent lend?
Barbarians! know you whence his failings sprung?
Know you what Mentor tutored him when young?

Perhaps he scorned the maiden's troth to win,
And thought seduction was the greater sin;
Or feared the scald of that infectious taint,
Which makes a man or sodomite or saint.
Perhaps he was ill-favoured, humpbacked, shy;
Or shunned the harlot's laugh and ribaldry.
He kept no miss to dandle on his knee,
Or could not pay a bed-room at the Key.
This was his fault, to weigh with scales too nice
Between a heartless crime and harmless vice.
  Yes, London! all thy chastity is show;
Bear witness Vere Street and the Barley Mow.
Lives there a man, whate'er his rank may be,
Who now can say, my caste from stain is free?
Are you a soldier? Pace the barrack-room,
Just as the morning dawn dispels the gloom.
See where the huddled groins in hot-beds lie,
Each fit to be a garden deity.
Though all the Messalinas of the shire,
Devote their days and nights to quench the fire,
And misses club in every country town,
To keep the martial priapism down.
The fermentation still much scum supplies,
Which to the bunghole will o'erflowing rise.
Drummers may flog, judge advocates impeach,
The soldier's post is ever at the breach.
  Are you a sailor? Look between the decks:
What sinews thewed are there! what sturdy necks!

Pent in their hammocks for a six months' cruise,
They dream of Portsmouth Point and Wappins stews.
No deep-sea lead, suspended from a weight,
Could keep their manhood in quiescent state :
Or if the urinary organs prest
By grog o'ernight, should interrupt their rest,
Not all the founts that Marly's height supplies,
In surer perpendicular would rise.
The prurient mettle hot desire begets ;
Their mouths delight in foulest epithets ;
And that gross word, which crowns a seaman's phrase,
The latent thought if not the deed betrays.
At college bred, and destined for the church,
You turn a Busby, and you wield the birch.
Think you there's no incentive in the sight
Of sixth-form bottoms, naked, round, and white ?
Ask Drury, Butler, sleek-gilled Goodenough,
How looks a kallipygic disk in buff ?
Ask him of Eton, who if fame speaks true,
Made open boast he all his scholars knew
By their posteriors better than their face,
As most familiar with the nether place.
Flog, lechers, flog, the measured strokes adjust :
'Tis well your cassocks hide your rising lust.
Are you a senator ? But come with me,
And seat yourself beneath the gallery.
Faugh ! how the steams of fetid stomachs rise,
In belchings fresh brought down from Bellamy's.

Now look : those crowded benches contemplate,
Where legislators sit in grave debate.
They make our laws, and twist the hempen cord,
That hangs the pennyless and spares the lord.
Behold that shining forehead, scant of hair :
Our learned schools are represented there.
He moves his seat. His limping steps denote,
The gout has found a passage down his throat.
Yet judge not rashly ; for his mind's a hoard,
With Bodley's tomes and Boyle's acumen stored.
Alas ! the time shall come, when he, like me,
Shall fall a victim to foul calumny.
Then all his love of learning, all his worth,
The seat he holds by talent and by birth,
Shall count as dross ; whilst basest rumours, spread
Folks care not how, shall light upon his head.
Then friends shall shun him, and a venal press
Shall seal in blackest types his wretchedness.
Whilst some false lawyer, whom he called his friend,
To damn his name his arguments shall lend.
Shall take a brief to make his shame more clear,
And drop his venom in a jury's ear.
But had that tongue with earnest friendship glowed,
His words had lighted, not increased the load ;
Had poured a balmy unguent on his sore,
And chased mendacious slander from his door.
So uncorked hartshorn, when its odour flies
Forth from the phial, almost blinds the eyes ;

But, if the stopper is replaced with care,
The scent diffused evaporates in air.
  Look at that row where elder Bankes is placed,
There sits a youth with courtly manners graced.
He fought his country's wars, and fixed his tent
Where Etna burns with fuel never spent.
'Twas there, where summer suns eternal beam,
And life's the doze of one delicious dream,
Where pleasure loves to twine her silken chains,
And builds her altars in a thousand fanes,
There, nursed by heated sap, new blossoms shot,
And the rich soil exotic fruit begot.
For there, e'en rivers in their course are found
To run not on the bosom of the ground.
But when from Alpheus Arethusa fled,
And, frighted, sought a subterranean bed,
Not face to face his stream with her's combined,
But mixed his nasty waters from behind.
Ah! youth beware! forget Trinacria's isle;
A deadly blight lies hid beneath her smile:
And when the day shall come (for come it will),
The honoured station, which in life you fill,
Will only add momentum to your fall,
And stain the scutcheon in your father's hall.
  Now turn your eyes athwart the speaker's chair:
A pious orator is seated there.
In vain the negro's cause he nightly pleads;
Tells how the gangrened back with lashes bleeds;

Delights with philanthropic zeal to rail,
And paint the horrors of the felon's jail;
Let but some knave vituperate his name,
Adieu to all his former well-earned fame!
An exile to a foreign land he'll fly,
Neglected live, and broken-hearted die.
  Britons! and will no penalty suffice,
Except the gibbet for a lecher's vice?
To lose his country, to behold the chain
That linked his best affections snapt in twain,
To find no refuge for his stricken head,
Wher'er he goes to know his shame is spread,
And is not this enough, without he's cast
By judge and jury? fiends would cry "Avast!"
Blot out the crimson leaf! the glaive forbear!
Count o'er the wretched victims of despair.
The panic flight, the suicidal beam,
The knife, the bullet, do they trifles seem?
Thirst ye for blood? and will no punishment,
But what Old Bailey metes, your hearts content?
Oh! Peel, for this nefarious deed alone,
Do what thou wilt, thou never canst atone.
Why blow the bubble of thy own repute
For laws amended, and on this be mute?
Mute! no, not mute; for heretofore there lay
A stumbling block in every jury's way;
But, Draco like, thou (gainsay who that can)
Didst add a clause to drown the sinking man.

Why were the listening Commons silent then?
Martin has mercy—yes, for beasts, not men;
And Brogden's modesty his voice impedes,
Who, when the sections of a bill he reads,
With furs of coneys, to a gentle hush
Subdues his tone, and feigns a maiden's blush.
But answer, Mackintosh; wert thou asleep?
Or was the tide of feeling at its neap?
Why gull the nation, with thy plans to mend
The penal code, in speeches without end,
And, like a jelly bag, with open chops,
Dwindle and dwindle into drizzling drops?
Who dreamt of witchcraft? antiquated theme,
And fall'n from long disuse in Lethe's stream,
Whilst every circuit death was riding post
With warrants, signed by Sidmouth o'er his toast.
Was it to do thy native soil a turn,
Where hags are found yet weird enough to burn?
Or hadst thou learnt the Scotchman's wily tricks,
To make thy fortune by thy politics,
And meddled only with those points of law,
Which raise a talk, and matter not a straw?
  Statesmen, in your exalted station know
Sins of omission for commission go;
Since ships as often founder on the main
From leaks unstopped as from the hurricane.
Shore up your house; it totters to the base;
A mouldering rot corrodes it; and the trace

Of every crime you punish I descry :
The least of all perhaps is sodomy.
  Close to the chair, where Sutton half the year
Counts Ayes and Noes to make himself a peer,
Behold yon reptile with his squinting eyes :
Him shall my curses follow till he dies.
'Twas he that plugged my Anabella's ears
With vile opinions, fallacies, and fears ;
Thee richest treasure of my youth purloined,
And put asunder those whom God had joined.
Forgive these railings, much lamented bride !
Who said I wronged my Ada's mother lied.
The, whom remembrance, wheresoe'er I go,
Maketh a source of happiness and woe :
Since, when dejected to the past I turn,
I fancy griefs like mine thy bosom burn.
For if the vows we plighted once were true,
So needs must be our mutual sorrows too.
  And are those happy days for ever fled !
Methinks 'twas yesterday, as both in bed
We lay : her cheeks were pillowed on my breast ;
Fondly my arms her snowy bosom pressed.
Love no denial found, desire no stay.
That night it was, when tired of amorous play,
She bade me speak of wonders I had seen
In cities where my wandering steps had been.
" Tell me," she said, " of strange and jealous men
" In secret harems who their consorts pen,

" Of bluebeard Turks on Ottomans reclined,
" And young sultanas to their will resigned."
And then she added, " Leon, have a care ;
" Say not we English ladies are so fair.
" Some Eastern maid has heard thy plighted vows,
" She was thy love, I'm nothing but thy spouse."
The veil of night, that hid her blushing cheek,
Had made her bold to ask and me to speak ;
And though her words but half her thoughts betrayed
I knew their drift, and thus my answer made :
" My tales, sweet Bell, will shock chaste ears like thine,
" The Moslem's wife is but a concubine.
" The nuptial night no altar sanctifies.
" No priest the knot indissoluble ties,
" A marriage bond of half a dozen lines,
" Short as a billet-doux, the cadi signs,
" And from that hour, whate'er her lord may say,
" Or do, 'tis hers to honour and obey.
" For her 'tis true, the carpet spreads its flowers ;
" For her the arbour twines its roseate bowers ;
" For her the vase exhales its choice perfume ;
" For her rich sofas cushion every room ;
" Bazaars supply their muslin and brocade,
" And pearls of many a carat's worth are weighed.
" The jet black girl, from Darfur's burning sands,
" Bears fragrant Moka to her lily hands ;
" And slaves unnumbered all her wants supply,
" All, but that vital one of liberty.

" Ah ! hopeless wish to see those doors unbarred,
" (Which lynx-eyed eunuchs, never dozing, guard)
" Save to a mother's or a sister's call,
" Or female guest on days of festival ;
" Save when close muffled in her feridjee,
" She walks abroad her relatives to see,
" Or to the bath her weekly visit pays,
" And pleased her jewels and her silks displays ;
" Save when the araba, by oxen drawn
" Jolts her afield, where some secluded lawn
" Spreads its green sward, and no intruder checks,
" The harmless gambols suited to her sex.
" Thus through the morn (for that at least is her's)
" She sits immured, or else well-guarded stirs.
" But, when the hour is on the noontide tick,
" Her Aga slowly quits the selamlik ;
" The harem opens to his loud testoor ;
" Humbly she greets his entrance at the door,
" Serves him his pipe, and, crossing both her hands,
" Before her waist, expects his stern commands.
" His dinner set, she like a menial waits,
" Watches his looks, his wants anticipates,
" Nor honoured sits beside him at his meat,
" Honour enough to see her husband eat !
" Perhaps, if still her cheeks their bloom possess,
" He lets her sit—vouchsafes a cold caress,
" Or when the day is sultry, bids her chase
" The gnats away, that buzz about his face.

" But ah ! the worst remains behind to tell—
" How must her breast with indignation swell,
" To see that tenderness by marriage owed
" To her, upon a minion's form bestowed !
" Spurned from his couch, or with neglect dismist
" Another lip than her's, a boy's, is kissed,
" To him with ithyphallic gifts he kneels ; [wheels
" And that bright spark, which from Sol's chariot
" Prometheus stole to animate our clay,
" He husbands not, but throws the boon away.
" Dear Leon," interrupting here my tale,
My wife exclaimed, " can male then covet male ?
" Can man with man hold intercourse of love,
" And mar the ends designed by God above ?
" Nay, Anna, hush ! no falsehood I advance,
" Yet wonder little at thy ignorance.
" On maidens' shelves, with chastest volumes lined,
" Systems like these, perchance 'tis rare to find.
" But we, whose thirst of love no draughts appease,
" Exhaust the cask, and swallow e'en the lees ;
" Watch proud philosophy in dishabille,
" Catch Parr with Meursius or with Fanny Hill ;
" Stir up the ordure of the cynic's tub,
" And prove the sage a butterfly or grub.
" Know then that boys strung old Anacreon's lyre,
" That boys the sober Virgil's lines inspire.
" Catullus pours his elegiac strains,
" Soothed by the portrait of a stripling's reins ;

" And "—" Hold," she cried! " how little had I thought
" Catullus such abominations taught,
" That Virgil's swains beneath the shady beech
" In songs of lewdness dared the muse beseech.
" I oft have heard my venerable sire
" The ancients praise, their doctrines too admire;
" But, sure I am, such things he never read
" To dear mamma, unless it was in bed."
That time it was, as we in parlance wiled
Away the hours, my wife was big with child.
Her waist, which looked so taper when a maid
Like some swol'n butt its bellying orb displayed,
And Love, chagrined, beheld his favourite cell
From mounds opposing scarce accessible. [rose
" Look, Bell," I cried; " yon moon, which just now
" Will be the ninth; and your parturient throes
" May soon Lucina's dainty hand require
" To make a nurse of thee, of me a sire.
" I burn to press thee, but I fear to try,
" Lest like an incubus my weight should lie;
" Lest, from the close encounter we should doom
" Thy quickened fœtus to an early tomb.
" Thy size repels me, whilst thy charms invite;
" Then, say, how celebrate the marriage rite?
" Learn'd Galen, Celsus, and Hippocrates,
" Have held it good, in knotty points like these,
" Lest mischief from too rude assaults should come,
" To copulate ex more pecudum.

" What sayest thou, dearest? Do not cry me nay ;
" We cannot err where science shows the way."
She answered not ; but silence gave consent,
And by that threshold boldly in I went.
So clever statesmen, who concoct by stealth
Some weighty measures for the commonwealth,
All comers by the usual door refuse,
And let the favoured few the back stairs use.
Soon as the languor which our limbs o'erspread
Had ceased, I thus resumed the theme, and said :
" Thou seest how Nature's operations tend,
" By various roads, to work one common end,
" Just as a vessel, from opposing rhumbs,
" Though winds may vary, to her haven comes.
" But ah ! thou little dream'st how wide her hand,
" Has spread her gifts o'er Cytheria's land.
" Another path untrodden yet remains,
" Where pleasure in her close recesses reigns.
" The neophyte to that more hallowed spot
" But rarely ventures ; 'tis the favourite grot
" Where sages, prelates, kings, and bards retire
" To quench the rage of Priapeian fire.
" How many view this grotto from afar,
" Whilst fear and prejudice the entrance bar !
" There fain the pedagogue's lewd glance would reach
" Through the convulsion of a schoolboy's breech.
" There as the youth with tightened pantaloons,
" Whirls through the dance in waltz or rigadoons,

" Or misses haunches wriggle in quadrilles,
" In thought the lecher his libation spills.
" There, as my lord, with achromatic glass,
" O'erlooks St. James's Park, and on the grass,
" Beneath his mansion's half-closed window spies
" Two crouching urchins' gross obscenities,
" He turns his eager gaze, adjusts the screw,
" And brings their unwashed nudities in view.
" That spot, concealed by two o'erhanging hills,
" Foul sweat and fœtid excrement distils,
" Yet frowsy, there the pipe-clayed soldier sports,
" And bishops hold episcopalian courts.
" 'Tis there the Bath empiric's finger guides,
" The oiled bougie ; and as the dildo slides
" Besmeared, to meet last night's descending meal,
" Oft makes the strictures he pretends to heal.
" 'Tis there Sir Astley, as his rounds he goes
" In Guy's sick wards, to gaping pupils shows
" How art can grope to find a schirrous gland,
" And in his cambric kerchief wipes his hand.
" But when ablution purifies its gates,
" And from within no odour emanates ;
" Or when the bath its thermal waters lends
" The oppilated passages to cleanse,
" Its shade can e'en ambrosial gods delight,
" And make great Jove become a proselyte,
" Thus to the Cnidian Venus men inclined
" The knee, in homage to her parts behind ;

" Despised her face, and greater pleasure found
" In buttocks smooth, protuberant, and round.
" And thou, dear Anna, think'st thou I can see
" Without a longing, all these charms in thee?
" Thoul't say the seed that useless there is spilt,
" Thwarts Nature's purposes, and argues guilt.
" Thou'lt tell me how we God's commands defy,
" Who bade mankind increase and multiply.
" Vain fear! to fancy he bestows a thought
" What germ is fruitful, or what ends in naught.
" Else show me why, for nine long months thy womb
" Is closed; since there that germ would find a tomb.
" And were no fœtus in it, still we know
" Those lenten days when women's courses flow.
" How oft in dreams, that ape the hour of bliss,
" Our passions wander, till we wake, and miss
" The lovely phantom clasp't in our embrace,
" And find a lost emission in its place.
" Then turn thee round, indulge a husband's wish,
" And taste with me this truly classic dish."
Who, that has seen a woman wavering lie
Betwixt her shame and curiosity,
Knowing her sex's failing, will not deem,
That in the balance shame would kick the beam?
Ah, fatal hour, that saw my prayer succeed,
And my fond bride enact the Ganymede.
Quick from my mouth some bland saliva spread
The ingress smoothed to her new maidenhead,

The Thespian God his rosy pinions beat,
And laughed to see his victory complete.
'Tis true, that from her lips some murmurs fell—
In joy or anger, 'tis too late to tell;
But this I swear, that not a single sign
Proved that her pleasure did not equal mine.
Ah, fatal hour! for thence my sorrows date:
Thence sprung the source of her undying hate.
Fiends from her breast the sacred secret wrung,
Then called me monster; and, with evil tongue,
Mysterious tales of false Satanic art
Devised, and forced us evermore to part.
Pardon, dear Tom, these thoughts on days gone by:
Me men revile, and thou must justify.
Yet in my bosom apprehensions rise,
(For brother poets have their jealousies),
Lest, under false pretences, thou should'st turn
A faithless friend, and these confessions burn.
Scott, you and I, rule o'er Parnassus now:
Who next may wear the laurels on their brow
I care not. To my country I bequeath
My works; posterity our crowns shall wreath,
Then why should malice vex us during life?
Between us bards unseemly is the strife.
Why fight for fame? Thou hast not now to learn
On what small pivots empty honours turn.
We, paper kites, in vain essay to rise,
Unless some wind propels us to the skies.

Scott would have been plain, simple Walter still,
Had not a monarch smarted from my quill.
And, sick with spite, to give my rival fame,
Planted a " Sir " before his Christian name.
GEORGE little cared for Walter's doggrels ; he,
Exalting him, had hoped to lessen me.
Light paste makes puffs, but solid dough makes bread,
On that we cloy, on this are daily fed.
The fearless man, in conscious virtue clad,
Endures the persecution of the bad,
Pursues his road by envy's shafts assailed,
Nor reaps renown until his coffin's nailed.
  Then should you, tempted by some Lintol, print
My strange career, allow one friendly hint,
Be true to nature ; paint me as I am ;
Abate no sin I had, no virtue sham ;
Be simple in your style ; for truth looks best,
Not spangled o'er with tropes, but plainly drest ;
Shun meretricious ornaments ; for why ?
You're whored enough, men think, in poetry.
With judgment sound, unmoved by passion, write,
And leave to Rogers all an author's spite.
Yet not unsung be his and Southey's praise ;
Mine be the task their monuments to raise.
My verse shall live, more durable than brass,
And make their names to future ages pass.
  But, whilst St. Stephen's candles still give light,
Let us resume our seats. A luckless wight

Sits on the left, one rich in classic lore,
Who roamed, like me, strange countries to explore.
In Moslem lands, like me, long time he dwelt,
The subtil venom of their customs felt.
And could I, as the Pythoness of old,
His morrow in these distichs rude unfold,
Nor warn in riddles understood too late,
Haply might I avert his future fate.
" Hearken, oh gifted youth ! " (my voice should be)
" The Abbey walls reserve a niche for thee ;
" And where to fame the great and good consign
" Their ashes, living thou shalt blazon thine."
Portentous hour for him, who's doomed to feel
The iron grasp of some rude alguazil ;
When through the streets the sanguinary crowd
Shall mouth their curses horrible and loud,
When e'en a father shall avert his face,
And fear to own his progeny's disgrace.
Then Peel, if conscience be not wholly dumb,
Within thy bosom shall compunction come.
How shalt thou sorrow for the moment, when
A single scratch of thy reforming pen,
Had from our code erased a peccant lust,
And left its punishment to men's disgust.
Nor wilt thou pass that house without a pang,
Which erst with social joy and revels rang,
When rendered desolate by his disgrace,
Whose hand had helped to prop thy tottering place.

For think not, man, the speeches thou hast made,
And all thy frothy sophistry, has weighed
One single vote! Their breaths 'twas filled thy sail,
Who threw their rotten boroughs in the scale.
Backed by Corfe Castles orators have sense,
And there find sinews for their eloquence!
So stands a unit on a schoolboy's slate,
A figure of no consequence or weight.
It cannot multiply, it can't divide;
But place some hollow zeros by its side,
And what alone for things of nothing tell,
By union into vast importance swell.
'Tis thus the bolstered minister requires
A row of booby lords and country squires,
To cry out "Aye" to every wicked law,
For every sop to sit with open maw.
At every budget's launch the grease to smear,
And hail their country's ruin with a cheer.
Let my example one great truth unfold!
And in the mirror of my life behold
How foulest obloquy attends the good,
Whose words and deeds are never understood.
Oh! strange anomaly, that those should wage
War on my actions, who approve my page.
Whate'er I write, the town extols my song;
Whate'er I do, the vulgar finds me wrong.
Their feelings are not mine; in vain they scoff:
I hate the vulgar, and I keep them off.
They've done their worst, and now I heed them not;

On me long since their farthest bolts were shot.
Admired and shunned, now courted, now contemned.
By many eulogized, by more condemned.
I stand a monument, whereby to learn
That reason's light can never strongly burn
Where blear-eyed prejudice erects her throne,
And has no scale for virtue but her own.
That little spot, which constitutes our isle,
Is not the world! Its censure or its smile
Can never reason's fabric overthrow,
And make a crime what is not really so.
The willing maid who plights her marriage vows,
Owes blind obedience to her lawful spouse.
Flesh of his flesh, and knitted bone to bone,
As in the crucible two metals thrown,
The ores commixt, but one amalgam form,
And fuse more sure the more their natures warm.
At Hymen's altar mystery presides,
Spreads her dense veil, and in oblivion hides,
The sacred orgies of the nuptial bed,
Where timid nymphs to sacrifice are led.
God of the universe, whose laws shall last,
When Lords and Commons to their graves have past,
Are good and evil, just as man opines,
And kens he thy inscrutable designs?
Love, like the worship which to thee is paid,
Has various creeds by various nations made:
One holds as dogmas what the other mocks;
That schism here which there is orthodox.

Some mode of faith finds favour in your eyes,
But must you, therefore, damn my heresies?
Behold two nooks obscure, where, side by side,
His feathered pinions Cupid loves to hide.
What! if the little urchin I pursue,
As fancy guides, in either of the two,
'Tis hard to say why erring mortals think
This fount is pure, and that unfit to drink;
And still the more the problem I revolve,
The more I find it difficult to solve.
When laws are made, which common sense decries,
Inert, they prove no bugbear to the wise.
Philosophy the wiles of priestcraft scans,
And shows what code is God's, and what is man's.
Does not the gunner, who his mark would reach,
First load the muzzle, and then prime the breach?
Boys, tickled by the tail in wisdom grow,
And by their tails bashaws their honours show.
Health through the tail by doctors is infused,
And to a bum debts seldom are refused.
Amidst the firmament when comets sail,
Where are our eyes directed?—on its tail.
The ship goes better with the wind astern;
The horse well figged appears the ground to spurn;
The learned student, poring o'er his books,
Like one absorbed in gravest study looks;
Yet, mark him well! and sometimes I'll engage,
His finger's on the bottom of a page.
Women and watches have one common power;

We look on both their faces by the hour;
Hung round our necks, their hands in secret move
In parts, where most we warm emotions prove:
Both are wound up at night—the watch behind;
But where you place the key to womankind,
Divulge it not, lest Lushington should know,
And fill your cup with calumny and woe.
  Look through the world! whatever mortals do,
They still must keep their latter end in view—
Not death; for that let bloated parsons quail:
Our latter end—what is it, but our tail?
Where honour, sensitive, a shelter seeks,
Whose mouth in oracles to physic speaks;
Whose voice can soothe a rumbling belly's moan,
And, conscience like, is loudest when alone;
Whose motions imperceptibly control
The energies of body and of soul.
Health, ease, and honour centre in that spot,
But, at the risk of life, approach it not.
Oh, glorious privilege of kings! in this,
That they alone can give the part to kiss.
  Once these were epigrams to raise a laugh:
The world is grown too scrupulous by half.
Deprived through life of fundamental joys,
Things can no longer find their equipoise.
Closed is the Cnidian temple, and we see
Writ on its walls "*Hic nefas mingere.*"

THE END.

NOTES

TO

DON LEON

Note 1, Line 1.

" Thou ermined judge, pull off that sable cap ! "

In reading the opening of this poem, it would almost seem that the author of it had in his eye Mr. Justice Park, were it not that the supposed date of the poem would imply an anachronism. In the Courier, of August 1833, and the Chronicle of the same month and year, we read : " Captain Henry Nicolas Nicholls, who was one of the unnatural gang to which the late Captain Beauclerk belonged (and which latter gentleman put an end to his existence), was convicted on the clearest evidence at Croydon, on Saturday last, of the capital offence of Sodomy ; the prisoner was perfectly calm and unmoved throughout the trial, and even when sentence of death was passed upon him. In performing the duty of passing sentence of death upon the prisoner, Mr. Justice Park told him that it would be inconsistent with that duty if he held out the slightest hope that the law would not be allowed to take its severest course. At 9 o'clock in the morning the sentence was carried into effect. The culprit, who was fifty years of age, was a fine looking man, and had served in the Peninsular war. He was connected with a highly respectable family ; but, since his apprehension not a single member of it visited him."

Mr. Justice Park might not have remained long enough at Croydon to see the poor man hanged, but, if he did, his peep out of the window at the gallows would have been anything but agreeable.

" O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doze,
" And lull their cough and conscience to repose."
Garth's Dispensary, Cant. 1.

[It is observed once for all that in quoting Byron's Life, by T. M., the Edition quoted is that of Galignani, Paris.]

Note 2, Line 16.

" Till thou didst send thy myrmidons to prowl."

Two persons, James Bryan and Frederick Symonds, who were recently apprehended in Hyde Park, for indecent practices, were yesterday tried at the Westminster Sessions. It was proved that the police disguised themselves on the occasion, &c. &c. *Sun, April 29th,* 1830.

In the case of an information, in the beginning of the year 1825, before a magistrate who presided on the S. side of the river, a scheme was devised under his immediate direction, whereby a lad, who alleged that he had been tampered with in the streets, for the gratification of what is called abominable lusts, was taught how he should deliberately lead his seducer into the snare, which was to be set for him, and how, just when his seducer's breeches were unbuttoned, he was to make a signal, by which a police officer, planted for the unworthy purpose, was to take him in a state of unequivocal delinquency. The plot succeeded, and the magistrate had the pleasure of beholding in the gentleman who was brought before him, one whom he knew, and who, in the common acceptation of the word, was a friend. The reward of his over done vigilance was to have blasted the reputation of that individual for life, and to have plunged an innocent wife and family into the deepest distress.

A plot somewhat similar was also concocted against Mr. Muirhead, to whom a mere hint that his proceedings were watched would have been sufficient for the purposes of moral decorum, and have saved that publicity by which thousands of girls and boys were informed of the existence of obscene manœuvres of which they were totally ignorant.

Note 3, Line 36.

" Who e'en to Clogher a pardon would refuse ? "

In the *Times*, of January 2, 1844, appeared the following paragraph, extracted from the *Scotchman* of the preceding Saturday, relative to the individual named above.

" A person died here a short time since, who obtained an unenviable celebrity more than twenty years ago. This was the bishop of Clogher, who was indicted for an unnatural crime committed in St. James's, London (at the White Lion Tavern, St. Alban's Place, Charles Street, Haymarket, in the year 1822), forfeited bail, and fled, was degraded from his ecclesiastical dignity, and has never been heard of until now. He kept house, under the assumed name of Thomas Wilson, at No. 4, Salisbury Place, Edinburgh, to which he removed four years ago, having previously resided at Glasgow. His mode of living was extremely private, scarcely any visitors being known to enter his dwelling; but it was remarked that the post occasionally brought him letters, sealed with coronets. His *incognito* was wonderfully preserved; it was only known to one or two individuals in the neighbourhood, who kept the secret until after his death. The application for interment was made in the name of Thomas Wilson. There was a plate upon the coffin, which he got prepared some years before, but without any name upon it; it bore a Latin inscription, the sense of which is as follows,—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF A GREAT SINNER, SAVED BY GRACE,
WHOSE HOPES REST IN THE ATONING SACRIFICE
OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

" The preparation of this inscription years before, shews that he was deeply penitent. He was anxious to conceal his true name, having got it obliterated from his books and articles of furniture. He gave instructions that his burial should be in the nearest churchyard, and that it should be conducted in the most private and plain manner, at six in the morning.

" Such was the obscure death and funeral of the Hon. and Reverend Percy Jocelyn, the son of a peer, who spent the early years of his life in the society of the great, and held one of the highest ecclesiastical dignities of the empire. He was uncle to the present Lord Roden."

Note 4, Line 40.

" And silence now were tantamount to crime."

" Se io non avessi altro merito che quello diavere presentato il primo conqualche maggior evidenza, cio che altre nazioni hanns osato praticare, io mi stirmerei fortunato ; ma se, sostenendoi diritte degli nomini, contribuissi à strappare dalle angoscie della morte qualche vittima sfortunata, le benedizioni di uns solo sui consolorebbero del dispoezzo degli nomini." BECCARIA, sec. XI.

Note 5, Line 52.

" And, nor for filthy lucre, nor to dine."

" Among the houses where Moore was most in the habit of dining, when in London, was Holland House." Page XV., Preface, vol. VI., Diary of Thomas Moore, by Lord John Russell. In the " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," we find this line addressed to Jeffrey :

" Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay."

Note 6, Line 58.

" Than all the pious tracts of Rivington."

In the preceding lines two things occur to make the reader ascribe this epistle, or the outline of it, to some correspondent of Mr. Thomas Moore's. If we could suppose for a moment that the poetry is worthy of Lord Byron, then we might conjecture that a letter written from Ravenna, September 3, 1831, makes some allusion to this very epistle. Lord B. says (Moore's Life, vol. IV., page 175), " I yesterday expedited to your address, under cover, one or two paper books, containing the *Journal* and a thing or two." The journal, no doubt, was the MS. which Mr. M. thought proper to burn ; or was it this epistle ?

[Or, if the gift was made at an earlier period, it may be that which Moore alludes to in a letter to Samuel Rogers, Paris, December 23, 1819. (See vol. VIII., Memoirs of Thomas Moore, by Lord John Russell.)

Lord John has, I suppose, told you of the precious gifts Lord Byron made me, at Venice—his own Memoirs, written up to the time of his arrival in Italy.]

Note 7, Line 88.

" Does history then no other place bewail ? "

For example, where is Troy ? Alas ! as Lord Byron says,

. . . . . " Where I sought for Ilion's walls
The quiet sheep feed, and the tortoise crawls."

[Don Juan, cant. 4, st. 77.]

And again (st. 101),

" I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome."

In stanza 101, he repeats the same language :

" Where is Nineveh and Carthage ? "

Not to mention the total disappearance of these cities from the face of the earth, there are records of the existence of many others of equal or superior extent and importance in their time. Travellers have visited the indistinct sites of *Anhellwarrat*, the Tyre of Western India, a place so populous as to have had eighty-four bazaars—of the cities of *Chandroatis*, *Aboo*, and *Taringu*—of *Nerhwallah* the capital of that country, which d'Anville had set his heart on discovering—of *Takhti Sulimancheah*, and of others. All these places were larger than Sodom or Gomorrah : but it does not serve the purpose of Christian writers to take any notice of the former, as their subject is to call attention to the fulfilment of certain vague prophecies applicable to the denunciations of the Jewish texts, as if the Creator was occupied only with their affairs. The fact would seem to be that, these Prophets were sore at the loss of the influence which they once possessed in these countries.

It is singular that none of our commentators on the prophetic writers ever allude to the downfall of Damascus, as foretold in scripture, with as heavy a threat of the Lord's displeasure as that on Tyre itself. In Isaiah, ch. xvii., v. 1, it is written : " Behold Damascus is a ruinous heap." Now Damascus is, and has ever continued since the day that these words were written, a flourishing and beautiful city. Not so *Anni*, once as large a metropolis as any in the world. Sir R. Kerr Porter, in his travels, vol. 1, page 73, makes these remarks on it : " The farther I went and the more I examined the remains of this vast capital, the greater was my admiration."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—There are coincidences so remarkable between the particulars detailed in the letters from Nineveh, with which you have just gratified

your readers, and similar particulars in the prophecy of Nahum, denouncing, 2,500 years ago, the fall of the city, that I venture to hope you may be able to afford space for a brief reference to the composition which is at once a magnificent poem and a sublime and awful prophecy.

The " recently uncovered pavement at the gateway, marked with the ruts of chariot-wheels," tallies exactly with Nahum, iii., 2, where the prophetic vision presents to the man of God, " rapt into future times," " the noise of the whip, and noise of the rattling of wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the bounding war-chariots." The " ivory ornaments, the metal bowls, vases and saucers, most beautifully embossed and engraved, denoting by the style of sculpture a very advanced stage of civilisation," tally with the prophet's description of the " store and glory of the pleasant furniture," Nahum, ii., 9. The " colossal lions " seem not obscurely related to the bold figures in Nahum, ii., 11 and 12, of what may very probably have been a very favourite image of the power of Nineveh in her palmy days of unchecked conquest, the " lion tearing in pieces enough of his whelps, and filling his dens with prey." And the " buried city and its ornamental remnants fragile with rust," and their destination in their mutilated condition to the museums of modern nations, recall Nahum, iii., 6, and i., 14, " I will cast filth upon thee : I will make thy grave ; I will set thee as a gazing stock."

Southampton, March 8, 1850. J. B.

Note 8, Line 113.

" Would you be damned ? a texte conveys her curse ; "

" There is a wonderful complaisance in folks in general, as to matters of religious credence. If a neighbour, whose probity is undoubted, has to convey a few acres of land into another man's hands, words that fill half-a-dozen sheets of parchment will scarcely suffice to set the matter beyond dispute ; but, in an affair which involves reputation and life, a verse or two, worded so vaguely that it would be impossible to cite them as an authority from a book of law precedents (had they been found there instead of being found in the Bible), are made to decide upon our very destiny and existence ; and, yielding up the exercise of your judgment, the distinctive privilege of reasonable beings, we forego the right of demanding the proofs, which in other cases we require," or (the writer might

have added) we content ourselves with what, in a court of Justice, would have been considered as perfectly unsatisfactory ones."

P. 22, *Free Examination into the Penal Statutes*, xxv. Hen. viii., and v. Eliz., c. 17, by *A. Pilgrim*.

Note 9, Line 124.

" Of that damned sin—the church's rubric bilked."

Hume makes an observation to the same effect (Note B., ch. ii., History of England). " If Edwy," says he, speaking of the marriage of Edwy and Elgiva, " had only kept a mistress, it is well known that there are methods of accommodation with the church, which would have prevented the clergy from proceeding to such extremities against him ; but his marriage, contrary to the canons, was an insult to their authority, and called for the highest resentment."

Note 10, Line 146.

" The object changed, but not the sentiment."

It does not follow as a natural consequence that pæderasts are mysogynists, or that a culpable indulgence in inclinations for the one sex argues an insensibility to the charms of the other. Theodore Beza, himself, in his youth and before he became a father of the church and one of the pillars of the protestant faith, addressed some lines to his beloved *Candid*, in which we find the following phrase—

" *Amplector hunc et illam.*"

In a dialogue to be found in Plutarch (Morals, vol. 8, edit. 1718), one of the disputants is made to say : " Where beauty tempted him the sex was a matter of indifference to him, for there was no reason why a sensible man should be tied down to the parts only which distinguish the sex."

Here is a little *post mortem* scandal by way of revenge :—

" As we were crossing the Apennines he told me that he had left an order in his will that Allegra, the child who soon after died, his daughter by Miss C., should never be taught the English language. You know that Allegra was buried at Harrow ; but probably you have not heard that the body was sent over to England in two packages, that no one might suspect what it was."

Note 11, Line 137.

" What though my verse in Mary's praises flowed?"

Afterwards Mrs. Musters, Byron's first love.

Note 12, Line 151.

" With thee, dear Margaret, whose tender looks."

Margaret Parker is the young lady here meant. Lord Byron, in one part of his correspondence (vol. 1, page 46, Moore's Life), says : " I have reason to know she loved me."

Note 13, Line 150.

" And such their progress till I grew a man."

" De Stael said that I was totally insensible to la belle passion, and had been all my life." " Life of Lord Byron," by Thos. Moore, vol. II., page 42, Galignani's edition.

Note 14, Line 162.

" Not coy wast thou, nor I averse to play."

The apparent bashfulness of girls often conceals a degree of knowlege we should never suspect in them. Quartilla, in Petronius, holds the following language, " Junonem meam iratam habeam si unquam meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inquinata sum, et subinde, prodeantibus annis, majoribus me pueris applicui, donec ad hanc ætatem pervenerim."

Note 15, Line 173.

" Yes, R...sh...n, though to unobserving eyes,"

Robert Rushton, see " Moore's Diary," vol. V., page 247, Jan. 21, 1828. " Had some conversation after breakfast with Rushton (the Robin of Childe Harold), who now is master of a free school some miles off."

There is also mention made by Moore of another cottage boy, near Newstead, for whom Lord B. had an early predilection. See " Moore's Life of Byron."

Note 16, Line 244.

" And harming no one, wherefore call them wrong ? "

" L'unica a vera misura dé delitti é il danno fatto alla societá (*Beccaria pen e delit*, Lect. viii.), or, as Dante had said before him :

" D'ogni malizia ch'odio in cielo acquista
Inguiria è il fine."

Inferno, Cant. xi., l. 22.

Note 17, Line 228.

" And could it be so violent, yet pure ? "

Speaking of his infatuation for this chorister, Lord Byron calls it " A violent, though pure love and passion." " Moore's Life," vol. 1, page 312.

Note 18, Line 266.

" The code of love, thou hadst my sympathies."

Ovid appears to have been generally orthodox in his amours, not because he imagined for a moment that there was any sin in cohabiting with boys, but because the enjoyment with women seemed to him to be less selfish since it was mutual.

" Odi concubitus qui non utrumque resolvunt ;
Inde fit ut pueri tangar amore minus."

Note 19, Line 271.

" I love a youth ; but Horace did the same ; "

Horace's inclinations may be gathered from his odes,

" Nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
Vin ere mollitie,
Amor Lycisci me tenet."

Lyciscus was a boy.

And again—

" Amore, qui me proter omnes, expetit
Mollibus in pueris
. . . . . urere."

He paints the lubricity of his country, and his own, in these two lines,

" Presto puer, impetus in quem
Continuo fiet."

Note 20, Line 280.

" Could print their kisses on some favoured youth ? "

Castiglione, in his *Corteggiano*, in confirmation of some assertion that he makes, says : " I am more certain of that, than you, or anyone else, can be, that Alcibiades rose from the bed of Socrates as sons rise from the beds of their fathers, for night was a strange time, and bed a strange place, for contemplating that pure intellectual beauty, which it is said, Socrates loved independent of any improper desires. And it is strange too, that loving especially the beauty of the mind more than the body, he should have sought for it in boys, and not in old men who are certainly the most wise of the two."

Dowsa, in his note on Lucian, says

'Ερωτικὸς γὰρ ἦν εἴ τις περ' ὁ Σωκράτης, καὶ
ὑπὸ μὰν 'Αλκιβιάδης αὐτὸ Χλαμιδᾶ κλιθεὶς οὐκ ἀπλὴξ ἀνέστη.

Is it necessary to add Juvenal's opinion—

" Inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinœdos." Sat. 2, ix.

Note 21, Line 282.

" Was Cephidorus buried by his side ? "

Vid. Plut. in vit. Epam.

Note 22, Lines 305, 306.

" Look, how infected with this rank disease,
Were those who held St. Peter's holy keys."

Dante when he visits hell, finds a great portion of it set apart for pæderasts. He spies out among them his own perceptor, and accosts

him with *Siete voi qui, Ser Brunetto?* He then asks him who his companions principally were. The perceptor answers—

Il tempo saria corto à tanto suono,
In somma sappi, che tutti fur cherci,
E letterati grandi e di gran fama.

DELL INFERNO, Cant. xv. juxta finem.

In confirmation of the truth of what Dante here asserts, the reader is referred to the Decameron of Boccaccio (2 Nov., First day), to the *Histoire des Papes* (4to, A La Haye, 1733), vol. II, p. 48, p. 371, p. 435, and p. 599.

"In the year 1120, when William, son of Henry I., was drowned, on his return home from France, some authors represent his untimely end as a judgment on him and his followers for being contaminated, among other vices, with an unnatural one, which had been first introduced by the crusaders."

William, son of Henry, drowned off Boulogne, see "History of England." Also for Charles II., see Pepys's Diary, 27th July, 1667, where he says: "He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now, for gaming, swearing, women and drinking, and the *most abominable vices*, that ever were in the world."

Note 23, Line 313.

"How many captains, famed for deeds of arms."

Lt.-Col. Maitland. Sir Eyre Coote. Julius Cesar, &c., &c.

Note 24, Line 315.

"Nay, e'en our bard, Dame nature's darling child."

Anyone who reads Shakespeare's Sonnets attentively, cannot but wonder how he should pen such tender things to boys. Again, is it not extraordinary that Milton should have chosen for the poetical name of his friend, whose untimely end he so beautifully laments, the appellation of one of Horace's minions, Lycidas?

Note 24, Line 331.

" Harassed by doubts, I threw my books aside."

" It has been too much the custom with such modern writers as have expressly discoursed on antiphysical propensities, or have incidentally mentioned them, to couple them only with the vices of a Tiberius, a Nero, a Caligula, or a Heliogabalus, endeavouring to disguise or conceal from their readers this important truth, that the virtuous, the brave, the generous and the temperate, have equally sympathised in the same predilection and that, if such examples can stamp any disordinate inclination as praiseworthy, it will be in the reader's recollection that many such men have been avowedly and notoriously slaves to it." This remark is taken from *A Free Examination into the Penal Statutes*, xxv. Hen. VIII., c. 6, and v. Eliz. c. 17, a book which we recommend all persons to peruse, if they can get it, for it is become very scarce. From this work it appears that among the Romans, ridiculous as it may appear, there was a law in force which forbad arsenerasty. It was called *Lex Scantinia*, or *Scatinia*. There are two accounts of this law, some say it was Scantinius Aricinus, a tribune of the people, who first caused it to be passed, whilst others suppose it to be called Lex Scantinia, and not Scatinia, from one Scantinius, against whom it was first put into execution. It was particularly levelled at the keepers of catamites and at such as prostituted themselves for the service. (*Quintilian*, l. v., c. 2, and lib. vii., c. 4.) The penalty enjoined by the framer of it was only pecuniary; but Augustus Cæsar made it capital. (Just. Inst., l. iv.) This serves to add another trait to the hypocrisy of that emperor. It is hardly possible to imagine how he could meddle with this law, except to repeal it, when those Romans, in whose society he delighted to pass his hours, could have made no secret of their predilection for the male sex in their amours, since one of them, Horace, was daily addressing his erotic productions to the beautiful boys whom he, in common with the rest, courted and idolised. (Id. p. 15.)

This *Lex Scantinia* was also called *Lex Julia*, and is the same to which Sir Walter Scott, in his novel, entitled Kenilworth, alludes, c. viii., v. 2, when Michael Lambourne calls Demetrius Doboobie: " The infractor of the Lex Julia." Sir Walter more than once gives intimation of his having read and reflected a good deal on the subject of pæderasty. Thus in chapter viii. of the same volume he makes Michael use the word *ingle* to imply that this abomination had existed between him and Foster, the puritan.

That this law was subsequently repealed or became obsolete, we

learn from the Theodosian Code (9, viii., 6), which mentions as things tolerated *Lupanaria puerorum patientiumque exoletorum*—brothels for handsome boys and ingles.

Note 25, Line 349.

" In vice unhackney'd, in *Justine* unread."

Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertu, by the *Marquis de Sade*.

Note 26, Line 357.

" Perhaps by night they share each other's bed."

The ancients had resort to contrivances for preserving chastity even in boys. Celsus describes them—One was the *fibula*, a mode of " ringing " the prepuce, and thus preventing not only coition, but even masturbation. His words are *Cutis, quæ super glandeur est, extenditur, notatur que, utrinque a lateribus qua perforetur, deinde remittitur. . . . . Tum, qua notæ sunt, cutis acu filum ducente transuitur. Ejus fili capita deliquantur, quotidieque id movetur. Douce circa foramina cicatriculoe fiant. Ulbi hæc confirmatæ sunt, excepto filo, fibula inditur, qua quo levior est melior.* Med. vii., 25.

Infibulation or *ringing* of females is a usage of the highest antiquity. The ring was passed through the labia.

The same end is partially obtained by another method, still used in France. A waistcoat with sleeves closed at the ends, after the manner of those made for lunatics, is put on boys and girls on going to bed, and the cuffs of the sleeves are tied together, and to the neck with tapes, which admit only of extension of the arms, just enough to scratch the nose or to reach half way down the body.

Note 26, Lines 377, 378.

" Shut, shut your eyes, ye pedagogues, nor keep
Too close a watch upon your pupils' sleep."

From the Times, 1850.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

WOOLWICH, OCT. 10.

Major-General J. Boteler Parker, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of

the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, has issued an order, of which the following is a copy :—

" ORDERED BY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

" Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Oct. 7.

" The unprecedented occurrences of 10 cadets being, by the minute of the Master-General of the 20th ult., removed from the Royal Military Academy, appears to the Lieutenant-Governor to call for a slight remark or two, principally to quiet the feelings of all interested in the reputation of the establishment.

" It having come to the knowledge of his Lordship the Master-General that certain obscene habits and practices had most unfortunately been introduced into the Ordnance School at Carshalton, his Lordship instituted a committee to proceed there and examine evidence, the result of which is most calamitous, and has ended in the removal of many of the pupils as well as the 10 cadets lately admitted from that school.

" It cannot fail to satisfy any one capable of forming an opinion that the Master-General, in coming to this determination, has evinced the utmost jealousy for the reputation of this academy by cutting off all sor s of contamination.

" This severe but just measure will, it is believed, give confidence to the parents and friends of boys remaining in the school, and be the most effectual method of restoring the reputation and moral character of the establishment."

Note 27, Line 386.

" Harrow, thy hill unblemised had remained."

Some twenty years ago (it being now 1842) an allusion was made in the public papers to certain rumours which had spread about concerning the unnatural propensities of the boys in Harrow school. November 15th, of this year, a paragraph appeared in the *Times* newspaper, headed " Miscreants," wherein it was distinctly stated that the youths of the Harrow and Sandhurst schools had been tampered with, not unsuccessfully, for the indulgence of criminal passions, by Mr. Patrick Leith Strachan, residing at 65, Quadrant. For more of this see " Galignani's Messenger," of November 18 of, the same year.

And that which is said of Harrow, no doubt has occurred in other schools. Thus in the *Sun* of October 3, 1842, we read : " Edward

George Caston, school master of Wivenhoe, was apprehended on Tuesday last at Ipswich, on several charges of abominable character. The offences were alleged to have been perpetrated on pupils under his care. On Wednesday, the prisoner underwent an examination. Only one case was gone into, the details of which are too gross for publication, and the prisoner was committed for trial."

Note 28, Line 397.

" For death deprived me of my Eddleston,"

This was the youth's name and I have put it at full length, although in the printed work the letters E.....n are only used. He died in 1811. Stanza ix. of Canto II. Childe Harold is addressed to his memory.

Note 29, Line 432.

" As does in Christian lands the courtezan."

" Prostitution is the act of a person towards him or herself, or rather it is the disposal of his or her own body, which no one has a right to contest. Therefore, so long as the use of this liberty injures the rights of no one else, and cause no great and public scandal, prostitution comes not within the pale of the law."

Encycl. Method. v. x., p. 678.

Note 30, Line 450.

" While gazing sit the hoary sybarites."

Such houses are constantly open at Constantinople, as any one knows who has been there: and it was customary, twenty years ago (i.e. in the beginning of the nineteenth century), for all English travellers, who visited that city, to be conducted to them as to one of the curious sights of that metropolis. It is not wonderful that therefore that Lord Byron went, and it is probable Mr. John Cam Hobhouse went with him; for in conversation with Moore (see *Memoirs of Thomas Moore*, vol. viii., p. 347), Hobhouse said, " I know more of Byron than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know." Hobhouse's nervousness on one occasion when the subject of Byron's Life to be written by Moore, was under discussion,

seems also to have reference to some such feeling. See Moore's Diary.

Among the ancient Romans there were *lupanaria*, *ganeæ* and *fornices*, all places of the same sort and filled with young persons of both sexes, but kept in separate rooms, the girls appearing in boys' clothes, and the boys assuming the habiliments of women. Nothing was more common than for the Roman citizens to frequent these brothels.

As a note to the word *monstrous* a few lines lower down, I would add, that in Constantinople female prostitutes, when their doings are too flagrant, are put into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus; but the pæderasts and catamites have the sanction of the police. How differently do magistrates in Galata and in Bow Street act in such cases!

"The modern Greeks, as living under the Government of the Turks, naturally follow their usages. If therefore they indulge in antiphysical pleasures, it might be said that they owe it to the example of their masters; however, in a Greek grammer, printed at Vienna some years ago, there are some *Golden Rules for Youth, by Phocylides*, in hexameter verse, in which there is a line shewing that the thing at least was spoken of familiarly to and before young persons, and seems to have been forbidden, in the same strain as we are accustomed to hear fornication forbidden, and probably with about the same effect."

Free Examination into the Penal Statutes (p. 771), *by A. Pilgrim.*

Note 31, Line 540.

"There dwelt I long, the tenant of that cell."

In a work written by the Rev. Mr. Walsh, called *A Residence in Constantinople*, it is stated that Lord B. did not reside in the small tower, but only went there occasionally to read and write. (See *Athenæum* of June 3, 1836.) Mr. Walsh passes a eulogium on the pious Franciscan (in the verses he is styled capuchin) who had the care of the monastery.

Note 32, Line 590.

———"when e'en a single day
Of dalliance can an age of love outweigh."

The votary in Petronius, who describes the enjoyments of a night

passed with his *cinœdus*, outdoes the warmest effusions of any of our modern poets, who have dwelt on the raptures of female embraces,

" Qualis nox fuit illa, dii deæque !
Quam mollis thorus ! Hæsimus calentes,
Et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis.
Errantes animos. Valete, curæ,
Mortalis ego sic perire cupio."

Burns says—

" But gie me a canny hour at e'en.
My arms about my dearie, O !
An' warldly cares an warldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O ! "

Note 33, Line 604.

" And clasped him waking to my longing arms."

Dr. Frazer, in his *Travels in Khorasan*, speaking of the *Soofies*, a fraternity of Mahometan enthusiasts, says (p. 567), " Meerza Selim told me that he once conceived so strong an attachment for a boy, that he would sit for hours gazing on him, playing with his hands, or kissing his feet. At night he would put him on his own bed, and watch by the side of him, sometimes sighing or bursting into tears, and occasionally stealing a kiss."

Martial, in a strain equally animated, says—" The kisses of my boy are sweeter than any perfumes, more fragrant than flowers, more precious than pearls, and more delicate than the caresses of any girl. In a word, nothing singly can describe them ; mix together the things most delicious in nature, and these combined will be like the morning kisses of him I love."

Note 34, Line 614.

" Another Dœdalus I taught him how
With spreading arms the liquid wave to plough."

" His (Lord Byron's) early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described " *i.e.* in the burnt biography).—DIARY OF THO. MOORE, p. 192, vol. iv.

Note 35, Line 664.

"From small fingans of Chinese workmanship."

Fingans are small coffee cups.

Note 36, Line 676.

"Women as women, me had never charmed."

The stories which were current up the Archipelago about Lord Byron's amours, seem to have originated in reports spread by his Greek servants, who, finding how eagerly every tale respecting his lordship was listened to by travellers and naval officers, may possibly have added this to the number. Two of these servants were named *Demetrius* and *Basilius*, and the latter afterwards set up as a watch-maker at Cyprus. One of Basilius's stories was that Lord B. consulted an English doctor who was passing through Athens at the time of his lordship's sojourn there, touching a relaxation in the *sphincter ani* with which the boy Giraud was troubled. The disease of a ragged fundament, arising from the frequent distension of the *podex* in antiphysical concubinage, was frequent among the ancient Greek and Roman *cinædi*, and the city of Clazomenæ, in Ionia, notorious for this species of debauchery, became a synonymous expression with it. To have the clazomenæ was to have what the Italians now-a-days call *fichi*.

"Sed quod et elixo plantara podice vellis,
Et teris incusas podice clazomenas,
Causa latet; bimarem nisi quod patientia morbum
Appetit, et tergo fæmina, pube vir es."

AUSON, Epig. 122, iii.

Note 37, Line 678.

"But thou, Giraud, whose beauty would unlock."

G . . . . d means Nikolaki, or Nicholar Giraud, the son of the "courteous man" mentioned a few lines back. Moore speaks of him in Byron's Life, v. 1, p. 312.

Note 38, Line 684.

" For here the wish, long cherished, long denied,
Within that monkish cell was gratified."

" There is a moment we may plunge our years,
In fatal penitence."

CHILDE HAROLD, c. iii., st. 70.

Note 39, Line 702.

" One thought undying ever would intrude."

" And the whole heart exhaled into one want, but undefined and wandering, till the day I found the thing I sought."

LAMENT OF TASSO, sect. vi.

Note 40, Line 733.

" Waywode ! this stripling was thy catamite."

The late Lord Plymouth, who was at Athens when Lord B. was there, used to speak of these visits to the governor of Athens, and to mention the presence of this minion as a matter that seemed to be of ordinary occurrence, and that excited no remark, except among the English and French who were sojourning in that city at the time.

Note 41, Line 758.

" O'er female tenderness would almost puke."

Plutarch, when endeavouring to prove that love is the most powerful passion that agitates the human breast, illustrates his argument by examples drawn from boys, not women. Martial paints women's defects in hideous colours—

" Aut tibi pannosæ pendent a pectore mammæ,
Aut sulcos uteri prodere nuda times ;
Aut infinito lacerum patet inguen hiatu,
Aut aliquid cunni prominet ore tuo."

(3, 72.)

Note 42, Line 774.

" Or else when ousted from his lawful bed,
Resorts to grosser substitutes instead."

" The Rev. Mr. Malthus is not the first political economist who had thought that a too numerous population might prove injurious to a commonwealth. We read in Aristotle (Pol. l. ii., c. 8) that Minos made a law which compelled married persons in Crete to discontinue cohabiting with each other after a certain time, lest too many children should over populate the islands; but the same law permitted arsenerasty as an equivalent for the privations which it imposed."

PENAL STATUTES, 25 Hen. 3, by A. PILGRIM.

Note 43, Line 783.

" Malthus cries ' No ! ' till doubt brings jeopardy."

" I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves."

TRISTRAM SHANDY, c. 169.

Note 46, Line 788.

" Adair delights his manhood to display."

The following anecdote is derived from a foreign ambassador's lady, who resided with her husband a long time near Portman-square. Sir Robert Adair, whilst he was ambassador at Constantinople, is known to have carried on an amorous parley across the street with a Greek lady by dumb signs; a significant one was the display of his pænis in a plate on the sill of the window. It was supposed, as the Greek women have latticed windows as well as the Turkish, and dare not be seen openly looking out, that someone had taken, unobserved, the lady's place, and afterwards divulged the ambassador's innocent practices; for the circumstance was very generally spoken of in the diplomatic circles at the Porte.

Note 44, Line 797.

" Bred in the poisoned atmosphere of courts,
Ernest in youth with maids of honour sports."

The story of the Duke of Cumberland's having got his sister, the Princess Sophia, with child is perfectly true. What first led to

a discovery was the giving a thousand pounds to the people (a tailor, I believe, at Weymouth, or somewhere near) where they placed the child at nurse; this awakened inquiry, and blew everything. The queen gave them some reason for their conduct, for she was dreadfully severe to the princesses, and shut them up in a sort of prison.

" Gellius est tenuis : quidni ? cui tam bona mater,
Tamque valens vivat tamque venusta soror."

The royal duke and his sister, whose unfortunate attachment made such a noise about three or four years ago, might have found many parallel cases in history. " Scay-je bien toutefois, qu'elle ajouta tost après à ses sales conquestes ses jeunes frères." This is said of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre. (See *Journal de Hen. III.*, by De l'Estoile, vol. 1, p. 174.) Sauval, speaking of the same princess, affirms " Non seulement elle aime tous ses frères, mais, &c." (*Mem. hist. et secr. concernant les amours des Rois de France*, p. 101.) The confession of Monseigneur d'Espignac, archbishop of Lyons, is curious, as given in the *Mémoires de Daubigné.*

" Je suis né à l'inceste, et, dès mon première age,
J'ai de ma belle-sœur abusé longuement :
Puis avec ma sœur je couche maintenant,
Ayant à cet effet rompu son mariage."

Note 45, Line 801.

" And trusts his secret only with the dead."

The story of Sellis, said to have committed suicide in St. James's Palace, is here alluded to.

Note 48, Line 803.

" Of Norman blood a minion Beckford found."

Mr. Beckford, when he reached manhood, was pronounced to be one of the most promising young men in England. Lord Courtenay, then about seven years old, was on a visit with his sisters at Mr. Beckford's house, and having been missed one evening from his bedroom, search was made after him, and, some suspicion being excited, persons in the house went into Mr. Beckford's bed-room, and found Lord Courtenay in bed with him. The king wanted to hang them both; but the relations of the parties, who had great parlia-

mentary interest, threatened to oppose the king's measures if he did: and so Mr. B. was desired never to go beyond the walls of Fonthill, and never to speak to any nobleman; and that is the reason why, for a number of years, no nobleman ever saw inside of Fonthill Abbey.

Note 49, Line 806.

———" And red-haired C.....n sips,
Tip-tongued, the nectar from vaginal lips."

Does C.....n mean Mr. Charlton? for he is red-haired, and has been known in his time as a man on the town. Does he recollect his doings in Park-street, not altogether foreign to the imputation here thrown out? " Non quod cunnum lingis, obid te odi." (Anthol Græc.) Ligurator was the term.

Note 47, Line 810.

" Some hoary captains oft their yards have braced,
Where Jean Secundus only basia placed."

It may be gathered from a perusal of the ancient classic authors that antiphysical lusts were named with a precision unknown to our language. Where, indeed, is the equivalent in English for the word *irrumatio*, which designates Nestor's and Priam's failing, if we may believe Juvenal (Sat. 6).

" Quibus incendi, jam, frigidus œvo,
Laomedontiades, et Nestoris hernia possit."

and is the last resort for debauchery. Suetonius relates of Tiberius, that " Pronior erat ad id genus libidinis " (irrumationem scilicet) " et naturâ et ætate." (Tib. 44.) " Calda Vetustillæ nectibi bucca placet." (Mart. ii., 28.) Such women were called at Rome *Fellatrices* and *Labdæ*. When men lent themselves to such abominations towards their own sex (which they did) they were *fellatores*, towards women *liguratores* or *cunnilingi*.

" Quid cum fœminio tibi, Bœtice Gallo, barathro?
Hœc debet medios lambere lingua viros."

[Mart. iii., 81.]

" Labda, the same as fellatrix, is derived from *labia dare*. Cui ipse linguam quam dedit suam, labda est."

Auson, Epig. cxix., 8.

" Lesbiantes enim id est, tenta virorum vorantes, alba sib labra reddebant ; ut rubra, Phænicissantes."

Parrhasuis, the celebrated painter, represented Atalanta in this attitude with Meleager, and Tiberius hung the picture up in his bedroom. [See Suetonius' Vitâ Tiberii.]

It is recorded of the great Captain Gonsalva, that he kept a young mistress for the sole purpose of such an unsoldierlike gratification.

Note 50, Line 821.

" While some in corners make themselves a heaven."

" Istud, quod digitis, Pontice, perdis, homo est."

MART. ix., 41.

" Turpe quidem factu ; sed, ne tintigine rumpar,
Falce manu positâ fiet amica manus."

PRIAP. CARM. xxxiii.

These persons were called *masturbatores*, but if they complaisantly did the same office for another (which was a trade in Rome) they were named *deglubatores*.

Note 51, Line 822.

" The strumpet Myrrha steals by night, and stirs
Her sire to incest."

" Myrrha patrem, sed non quâ filia debet, amavit."

OVID.

" Paucæ adeo Cereris vittas contingere dignæ,
Quarum non timeat pater oscula."

JUV.

Incest was common enough at Rome. Suetonius, speaking of Nero, says, " Olim etiam, quoties lecticâ veheretur cum matre, libinatum incesté ac maculis vestem proditum affirmant."

" Prædicabat (Caligula) matrem suam ex incesto, quod Augustus cum Julia filiâ commisisset, procreatam."

SUET.

In Henderson's " Biblical Tour in Russia," in his account of the Polish Jews we find these words, " It is not rare among these Jews for a father to choose for a wife for his son some young girl who is personally to his (own) taste, and with whom he lives in criminal intimacy during the minority of the young husband." Pericles cohabited with his son's wife.

Brantôme has some anecdotes on this subject; here is one: "J'ai ouy parler aussy d'un grand seigneur estranger, lequel ayant une fille des plus belles du monde, et estant recherchée en mariage d'un autre grand seigneur qui la méritoit bien, lui fut accordée par le père; mais avant qu'elle sortit jamais de la maison il en voulut taster; disant qu'il ne voulait laisser si aisément une si belle monture, qu'il avoit si curieusement eslevée, que premièrement il n'eut monté dessus, et sçeu ce qu'elle a uroit sçeu faire à l'advenir.'

Keating, in his "Narrative of an Expedition to the source of St. Peter's River," 1825 (p. 112, v. 1), relates that, among the tribe of the Potawatami Indians, one Wagakenagon married his mother-in-law, previous to which he had cohabited with two of his daughters. Both the women openly confessed their guilt, but with very little appearance of shame.

The disposition to similar licentiousness does not seem to be wanting in England, were it not repressed by punishment and the disgrace attached to it. In spite, however, of both, the newspapers abound from sessions to sessions with examples as gross as any that ancient history or savage life can furnish us with.

Extraordinary Occurrence.

(From the *Bradford Observer*.)

The quiet village of Horbury, near Wakefield, has been thrown into a state of great excitement by a painful occurrence that has come to light within the last week. An independent gentleman of the name of Craven lived in the village in respectable style. He was a bachelor, and a young lady lived with him as housekeeper, who was known as Miss Craven, and was reputed to be his natural daughter. In the middle of last week a report prevailed that this young person had given birth to a child, which had been made away with, and that the body had been found buried in the plantation belonging to the house. The report was, of course, not long in coming to the ears of the constables, who instituted proper inquiries, traced the report to a man who had seen the body of the child, and then informed the coroner, who thereupon directed that an inquest should be held forthwith. Accordingly, on Saturday last, the body of the child having been produced, an inquest was held over it at the Fleece Inn, when the following extraordinary facts were elicited in evidence:—

Thomas Nettleton said—I live at Horbury, and am a butcher. I was told by Ellen Sykes (Mr. Craven's servant) that she saw Mr. Craven burying something in the plantation, and in consequence I

went to the place. I took some earth up with my hands and found a bundle wrapped in brown paper. I took it up and opened it, and found a newborn child. I made another hole and buried it again. I showed it to Ellen Sykes before I buried it; it was a boy. This was on Tuesday morning. I was called upon by Mr. Roger Hirst, Mr. Joseph Berry, and Mr. John Gee, on Friday morning. They are constables for Horbury. They asked me to meet them at the Fleece Inn, in Horbury, and to bring the bundle I had found. I went and dug up the bundle and brought it to the Fleece. I laid it on the table in the room, in the presence of the constables and other persons. I left it with them. Ellen Sykes told me not to say anything; so I did not mention the finding of the child to the constables nor to any one. Ellen Sykes told me she saw Mr. Craven digging something. She told me she suspected something was up. I never denied I knew anything about the child, or had had it in my possession. I groom and occasionally work for Mr. Craven.

Ellen Sykes, upon her oath, said—I am a single woman. I was servant to Mr. Edward Craven, but was discharged last Thursday by Miss Craven. Mr. Craven is a bachelor. Miss Craven is about 24 years old, and lives in his house as his daughter. I had been there three years the 1st of last June. I never told Nettleton I saw Mr. Craven digging or burying in the plantation, but I did tell him I saw Mr. Craven graving in the garden; by "graving" I mean working in the garden. He was in the habit of doing so. He (Nettleton) said he suspected something was up, and said he supposed I suspected. I laughed and put it off, and a little girl came in, and we said no more at that time. This conversation took place on Tuesday evening. I never told Nettleton not to mention the finding of the child to any one. It was last Monday morning, between 9 and 10, when I saw Mr. Craven working in the garden. Nettleton told me I was not to name it to any one that he found the child. At the time Miss Craven was confined to her bed I had reason to suppose she was delivered of a child. My reason for supposing so was the difference in her appearance before she was confined to her bed and after she came down stairs. She came down stairs about 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon. I saw the bed linen was changed and taken away. There were finer sheets on the bed than were put on before. I did not attend her on Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Craven himself attended to her on those two days, but I went into her bedroom occasionally. No medical man was sent for to Miss Craven. Mr. Craven on Saturday shut the inner door leading from the kitchen to the room after him, as he often does. It was betwixt 12 and 1 o'clock. I also heard him shut

the stairs door. I heard Miss Craven crying out, as if in much pain, all Saturday morning, and she was very poorly. On Wednesday night I think it was, I went into Miss Craven's bedroom. She was undressing. I saw her apply something to her breasts, but did not notice what it was. I shut the door and went away without going in to her. It was bedtime and I had my shoes off. I had not spoken to Nettleton on Wednesday morning before he brought the child. I have looked at the piece of cloth the child is now wrapped in. It is a piece of linen cloth; the child was wrapped in calico that Nettleton produced to me on Wednesday morning.

Medical testimony concluded the evidence, and the coroner went over the evidence very minutely, and directed the jury as to the law of the case. The jury returned a verdict of "still-born."

Mr. J. Stringer, solicitor, of Horbury, was present on behalf of the authorities, and three other solicitors were also present to watch the inquiry.

On Monday, Mr. Stringer applied to the magistrate for warrants of apprehension against the parties concerned in the above offence; but the magistrates required some evidence to be produced before taking this step, and issued summonses to the witnesses already named to appear before them. This no doubt has been done, and the warrants have doubtless been granted, although we have no information to that effect. Mr. and Miss Craven have left Horbury, no one knowing whither they are gone.—*Times*, Aug. 21, 1849.

NISI PRIUS COURT.—(*Before Mr. Justice* WILLIAMS.)

Emma Craven and Edward Craven were indicted, the female prisoner with having endeavoured to conceal the birth of an illegitimate child on the 6th of August last, at Wakefield, and the male prisoner with aiding and abetting in the concealment.

Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Shaw prosecuted; and Mr. Overend and Mr. Pickering defended the prisoners.

It appeared that the prisoners lived near Dewsbury, and that a woman servant, named Ellen Sykes, lived with them, and a man servant, named Thomas Nettleton, out of the house. In August last the appearance of Miss Craven excited suspicions in the mind of the maid-servant, and on the 4th of the that month she was taken ill and Mr. Craven attended her in bed. Cries were heard coming from her room in the course of the day, Mr. Craven remaining there, and the maid-servant observed the chamber-utensil had been emptied by some one, and marks of blood were upon it. The next day she

observed that the sheets had been changed on Miss Craven's bed. Mr. Craven continued to wait upon her, carrying her up her breakfast. On Monday, two days after, she saw Mr. Craven go into the garden, and watched him, in consequence of her suspicions being aroused, and there she saw him dig a hole near a cucumber frame, and she was sent out. She returned in about an hour, and then saw Miss Craven downstairs, looking much thinner. After tea she went into the garden, and they saw that the hole Mr. Craven had been digging was filled up. She was soon afterwards directed to make a linseed poultice by Miss Craven, for a pain in her head, and she saw Miss Craven applying this poultice to her breast. She told the man-servant, Nettleton, of what she had seen, and he dug up and searched the hole in the garden, and in it he found a paper parcel containing a male child, wrapped in white calico sheets. This was given to the police, and the sheets, in the opinion of medical men, had been used by some person delivered of a child. On this discovery taking place, Mr. and Miss Craven suddenly disappeared from the neighbourhood. Mr. Craven eventually surrendered himself, and Miss Craven was taken into custody in October last. About two months before this discovery, a sweetheart of Miss Craven had gone to Australia, and when she first complained of being poorly, her father, the male prisoner, wanted to send for a doctor. Some baby linen had been seen in a box of Miss Craven's, and it appeared that when Mr. Craven was digging he saw the servant watching him and was evidently digging a little grave, and that Miss Craven's door was not locked.

His Lordship here interposed, and said this was no concealment of the birth, but of the body of the child, and directed the jury to find a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

Mary Skinner was indicted for having, on the 13th of September last, wilfully murdered her male child at Dunnington.

Mr. Matthews prosecuted, and Mr. Dearsley defended the prisoner.

In this case it appeared that the prisoner resided with her father in a cottage at Dunnington, in which also lived a woman named Hannah Granger. The cottage was divided by a badly made partition, through the crevices of which it could be discerned what took place on the other side. It had been observed that the prisoner was pregnant; and about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September cries were heard in the prisoner's room. Hannah Granger looked through the partition, and saw the prisoner seated on a chair. The prisoner was then observed to look cautiously out of the door, and go into the garden with a spade, and dig a hole, into which she placed a bundle. Hannah Granger gave information of what she

had seen, and in the hole which the prisoner had made the body of a new-born male child was found. Mr. Hay, surgeon of York, stated that the child had been born alive, and that there were marks of bruises upon it, which had caused its death. His opinion, however, was not infallible.

His Lordship asked the jury if, on this evidence, they could convict of murder.

The jury found the prisoner *Not Guilty*.

The prisoner was then charged with concealing the birth of the child, and to this she pleaded "Guilty."

His Lordship, in passing sentence, said, considering the long time she had been in prison, he should only sentence her to six weeks' further imprisonment.—*Times*, Dec. 20, 1849.

Joseph Preston, a man of respectable appearance, aged 45, was tried at the Stafford assizes in March, 1828, for a rape on two of his daughters, one eleven and the other sixteen years old, and was convicted. At the Rochdale sessions, on the 14th of March, of the same year, a woman, aged 22, was brought up to affiliate a child. She refused, at first, to take the oath, but, on being committed for contumacy, she swore that her own father was the father of the child. She had had another child six years before by him. [Galignani's Mess., March 27, 1828.]

The Windsor Express (as quoted in Galign. Mess., April 11, 1828) says, "It appears by the confession of a young woman at Datchet, nineteen years of age, that her own father, a master blacksmith of that village, named Allen, has been in the habit of violating her person. Another daughter, about a year older, is in the family way, it is supposed, by the father also.

Note 51, Line 824.

"Dixie, to vengeance and to lust less prone,
Nor saves her father's honour nor her own."

The incest alluded to here will be found in the daily newspapers of May, 1827. "Miss Dixie, a girl hardly in her teens, acquainted her relatives that her father had made repeated and successful attempts to possess himself of her person; and in consequence of an information lodged against him, Sir Willoughby Dixie, Bart., was committed to Leicester gaol on the 20th May, 1827.

"On the 30th ult., at Gumley, by the Rev. Mr. Mathews, Capt. Henry T. Boultbee, Royal Artillery, only son of J. M. Boultbee, Esq.,

of Springfield Park, County of Warwick, to Julia, widow of the late Chas. Goring, of Wiston Park, Sussex, and daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Dixie, Bart., of Bosworth Park."—TIMES, Sept. 2, 1856.

Note 52, Line 826.

" A pair of Breeches S.....n and W.....k shock.
They ask no joys beyond each other's smock."

These two names (Lady Strachan and Lady Warwick) seem to have been selected by the author, because they had obtained some notoriety for a species of lasciviousness, probably common enough nowadays, but of frequent practice among the Roman ladies. There was a caricature of these two ladies in the window of Fores' shop in Piccadilly some years ago. Females addicted to these modes of mutual gratification were called *tribades* and *frictrices*.

" Lenonum ancillas positâ Lanfella coronâ
Provocat et tollit pendentiæ premia coxæ
Ipsa Medullinæ frictuno crissantis adorat.
Inter se geminos auds committere cumnos ;
Mentitur verum prodigiosa Venus.
Commenta est dignum Thebans ænigmate monstrum,
Hic ubi vir non est ut sit adulterium."—MART.

" Mulieribus Persicis, Aribis, et Ægyptiacis sæpe excrescebat hæc caruncula (silecit clitoris) ita ut arrigantes aliis fœminis et etiam podice virili abuterentier : undimos erat mustum præscindere."—GLOSSAR. EROTIC, 123.

The beautiful ode of Sappho, beginning

" Ille mi par esse deo videtur,"

is addressed to a woman. Béranger, the French ballad writer, admits that tribades are not rare among his own people :

" Qui ne juge, aux harangues
Des Saphos de nos jours,
Que ces mauvaises *langues*
Font la guerre aux amours ? "

SERMON D'UN CARME.

So common was this abominable complaisance among the Roman

ladies, that even matrons were not exempt from the imputation. Thus Juvenal (Sat. vi., 48) says :

———" Auratam Junoni cœde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerat *capitis* matrona pudici."

Caput being taken by synedoche for *os* or *lingua*.

So in the following citations from ancient authors :

" De istes loquor, quorum teterrima libido et execrabilis furor ne *capiti* quidem parcit."—LACTAN DIV. INST. 6.

" Quære hoc inquit, a Sext. Clodio, scriptore legum tuarum jube adesse :—latitat omnino. Sed si requiri jusseris convenient hominem apud sororem tuam, occultantem se *capite demisso*."—CICERO, PRO DOMO, xxxi., 83.

" Fœminarum quoque et quidem illustrium *capitibus* solitus illudere." —SUET. IN TIBER, 45."

In one of Lucian's " Dialogues between Courtezans," Clonarium, speaking of Megilla, a rich lady of Lesba, says to her friend Leona, " I fancy that she was a tribade, of whom it is reported there are many here, who dislike men, and have to do with their own sex."

We have Brantôme's testimony that the French ladies of fashion of his time had not suffered these Lesbian practices to fall into disuse. In his " Discours de Cocus " (p. 169, v. 8) we read :—" J'ai oui conter à Mons. de Clermont Tallard le jeune, qui mourut à la Rochelle, qu'étant petit garçon, et ayant l'honneur d'accompagner M. d'Anjou, depuis notre roi, Henri III, en ses études, et étudier avec lui ordinairement, duquel M. de Gournay était precepteur, un jour étant à Toulouse, étudiant avec son dit maître dans son cabinet, étant assis dans un coin à part, il vit par une petite fente dans un autre cabinet deux fort grandes dames, toutes retroussées et leurs caleçons bas, se coucher l'une sur l'autre, s'entrebaiser en forme de colombe, se frotter, s'entrefrotter, s'entrefigeur,—bref, se remiser fort, paillardeur, et imiter les hommes, et dura leur abattement près d'une bonne heure, s'étant si fort échauffées et lassées, qu'elles en demeurèrent si rouges et si en eau, bien qu'il fît grand froid, qu'elles non purent plus et furent contraintes de se reposer autant, et disoit qu'il vit jouer ce jeu quelques autres jours, tant que la court fut lâ de même facon."

A French author of a later date, the Marquis de Sade, has given a most obscene description of this unnatural coitus :—" Oh, my friend, what a woman was that Charlotte ! " and the reader is informed in a note that the Charlotte here spoken of was the Queen of Naples, sister to Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

Note 53, Line 761.

" Come, Malthus, and in Ciceronian prose,
Tell how a rutting population grows."

It is perhaps invidious to designate by any particular examples that system of limited procreation adopted from motives of prudence and economy by married couples in some countries of Europe, but the ladies of the moral city of Geneva will pardon me if I mention here what is very generally asserted of them by the ill-natured English who have resided a long time among them; namely, that it is quite a rare thing to see any of them mothers of more than two, or at most three or four children, and that their husbands make no secret of the precautions they use, with the consent of their wives, to prevent begetting a numerous family, when their means of providing for it are insufficient. The Genevan wife's recipe is what Béranger, in his songs, called " eating the eel without the sauce." It is to be observed, however, that people there, and in several parts of the Continent, take a very different view of such matters from what the English do. In France, for example, a magistrate will openly recommend some such practice as necessary in poor families; witness the following extract from the circular letter of M. Denoyer, prefect of the department of La Somme, to his under-prefects; his words are :—" Il n'y a pas pour les familles pauvres deux manières de se tirer de l'affaire, ces familles ne peuvent s'élever qu'à force d'activité, de raison, d'économies, de prudence—prudence surtout dans l'union conjugale, et en évitant avec un soin extrême de rendre leur mariage plus fécond que leur industrie." (Exam. of the Pen. Stat., xxv. Hen. viii. and v. Eliz., by A. Pilgrim.)

Note 54, Line 828.

" Penelope, the model of a wife."

" Et, quamvis Ithaco, stertenthe, pudica solebat
Illic Penelope semper habere manum."

MART. ii., 105.

Note 55, Line 836.

" Which modern virtue is so used to slight."

In ancient Greece and Rome chastity does not seem to have been necessary to a woman's elevation in life, any more than in our own times. For one Cæsar's wife we find a dozen Cleopatras. Among

the Romans, Flora, Pompey's mistress, was the admiration of the age for her charms and the sweetness of her disposition. Cytheris, a dancer, the mistress of Marc Antony, is celebrated by many authors for the graces of her person, to which she added exalted sentiments and moral duties, which have set her above many a married woman. She never quitted Marc Antony in all the reverses of his fortune: she shared his sufferings and afforded him consolation, thus rendering herself as estimable by her conduct as she was admirable for her beauty. Among the Greeks we are told that Aspasia was idolised by Pericles. Phryne's statue was enshrined in the same temple and honoured with the same solemnities as Cupid's, and the reader must recollect that Cupid, in the Heathen Mythology, was a real deity. Of Thais we read "Ad cujus jacint Grecia tota pedes." Aristophanes Byzantius relates that at the time of which he writes, Athens contained one hundred and thirty-five courtezans, who were distinguished by the statesmen and geniuses of the day for their beauty and accomplishments. (Plutarch's Morals of Love.) Theoganes, a philosopher, killed himself, because the courtezan of Migara, whom he was in love with, would not yield to his solicitations. (Lucian's Tyrant.) Aristotle kept Herpyllis as his mistress till his death. Plato—the divine Plato—loved Archeanissa, a prostitute, so dearly that he said of her,

'Αρχεάνισσαν ἔχω, τῶν ἐκ Κολοφῶνος ἑταίραν
'Ης καὶ ἐπὶ ρυλίδων πικρὸς ἔπεσιν ἔρως.

Sophocles, the tragedian, when advanced in years, became enamoured of Theoris, a woman of the same class. Towards the close of his life he fixed his affections on another, named Archippes, whom he made his heiress, if we are to believe Hegisander and Hieronymus, the Rhodian. Hermippus informs us that Isocrates, the rhetorician, when old, kept Lagisca, and had a daughter by her. (Gron. Theo. Antiq. Grec. in Muson. Philos. de lux Græc. Tract., vol. 8, p. 2522.) Pitho became the wife of Hieronymus, the king of Syracuse, although he had her from a brothel. Timotheus, who reigned over the Athenians, was the son of Cono, by Thoessa, a prostitute. Phillip of Macedon kept Philinna, a dancer, by whom he had a son, named Aridæus, who reigned after Alexander. Demetrius raised Myrina, a Samian courtezan, to share his throne. Ptolemy son of Philadelphos, lived openly with Irene, a harlot. (Grov. Thes. vol. viii., p. 2518.) The Syrian Semiramis was a poor wench, kept by one of Ninus's slaves, partly as his servant, partly as his concubine till Ninus, seeing her by accident, and taking a fancy to her, at length

doted on her to that degree that she governed him as she pleased, and finally came to reign over Asia.

In our own days we have Lady Holland, Lady Darlington, Mrs. Whitbread, Mrs. Fox, Lady Blessington, Lady Canterbury, the Countess of Harrington, Lady Berwick, Lady Heathcote, the Duchess of St. Albans, two or three Lady Abercorns, and many more besides

Note 56, Line 856.

" Had fled dismayed to some Transalpine shore
To sully Albion's pudic cliffs no more?"

Italy of late years, and indeed in all times, has enjoyed the distinction of being considered the hotbed of pæderasty. Sterne seems to make some rather obscure allusion to the risk men's morals run by going beyond the Alps, in the following passage:—" My shirts! See what a deadly schism has happened amongst 'em, for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here. I never had but six, and a cunning gipsy of a laundress at Milan cut me off the fore-laps of five. To do her justice, she did it with some consideration, for I was returning out of Italy." (Tristram Shandy, ch. 303.)

There is another passage in Tristram Shandy which denotes that Sterne had observed the frequency of this propensity in the Italians:—" I am not ignorant (says he) that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the forte or piano of a certain wind instrument they use, which they say is infallible. I dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place; 'tis sufficient to have it among us, but never think of making a drawing of it. This is enigmatical, and intended to be so—at least *ad populum*." (P. 65, Ed. Paris.)

Béranger's words, in the song entitled " l'Accouchement," are:—

" Ce n'est pas mon Italien—
Il a prouvé son gout trop bien:
Il n'aura jamais de famille."

Had the author's sole object been to attest the very general prevalence of arsenerasty throughout the world, he would have had no difficulty in collecting his evidence, but as he confines himself to his own country, let us endeavour to help him out; and it will not be difficult, within the compass of a single year, to select from police reports cases enough to force from the strongest stickler at

the morality of this churchgoing generation an avowal that no class of English society has been exempt from the stain, and moreover, that neither disgrace nor punishment can cool these Priapeian fires. The gravest men, and those whose situations and characters would have justified us in supposing that their education, honourable pursuits, rank, or religion, would keep them aloof from these grovelling weaknesses, have nevertheless yielded to these as an infirmity of nature; and, without going back to a warden of Wadham College, a Lord Aston, or a Beckford, we may content ourselves with a list made up during the year 1833, which does not include numerous committals in provincial towns, and among the lower ranks of people.

1. The Rev. C. E. Holden, aged 70, vicar of Great Cornard, Suffolk, and the Rev. Rob. Fiske, his curate, accused by Thos. Prigg, their parish clerk, of sodomy, acquitted. Galignani's Messenger (from the *Globe*), Aug. 8, 1833.

2. The Rev. E. P. Benezet, of Bungay, accused by the constable of that town of sodomy, with one Barton. Benefit of clergy. Galignani's Messenger (from *Norwich Mercury*), May 13, 1833.

3. An inhuman murder has been committed on a boy named Paviour, whose body was discovered in the Regent's Canal, bearing marks of the most unnatural treatment; he was about 13 years of age. Mr. Laing was occupied at Hatton Garden office in the investigation, and a clue was obtained to a gang of miscreants, who have for some time carried on their infamous practices. Nicholls, the associate of Beauclerc, and concerned with him in inveigling boys from their houses, has escaped to the Continent. A colonel of the West End and a rich merchant of the City, are supposed to have been associates of Nicholls.

4. A rev. gentleman, upwards of 70 years of age, was yesterday held to bail at the Marylebone Office for an indecent assault on a lad of 17, servant to Mr. Denison, M.P. for Nottingham. Galignani's Messenger (from the *Guardian*), June 28, 1833.

5. It is with equal regret and disgust that we hear that a person in the upper class of society, a member of the senate, was yesterday held to bail for an indecent assault on a policeman. The person here alluded to was Mr. Baring Wall, M.P.

6. A miscreant, attired in the first style of fashion, was brought before the magistrate at Lambeth-street Office on Thursday, charged with having been guilty of disgusting practices towards a young man named Meadows. Mr. Hoskins asked the prisoner his name, when he, after some hesitation, faintly said, Herbert Benet, &c. April 12, 1833.

Note 57, Line 877.

" Or could not pay a bed-room at the Key."

A celebrated brothel in Chandos Street, since pulled down.

Note 58, Line 881.

" Bear witness Vere Street and the Barley Mow."

Two gangs of miscreants (as they were called when this poem was written) were discovered at these two places.

Note 59, Line 894.

" Drummers may flog, judge-advocates impeach ;
The soldier's post is ever at the breach."

" In quelle case, dove si condensa l'ardente gioventu, dove, essendosi un argine insurmontabile ad ogni altro commercio, tutto il vigore della natura che si sulippa, si consuma inutilmente per l'umanita."—Beccaria, Delit. e Pene.

Not only common soldiers, but generals have been enslaved to these morbid feelings. Sir Eyre Coote had his escutcheon taken down from among those of the Knights of the Bath, owing to such an accusation.

Note 60, Line 910.

" At college bred and destined for the church,
You turn a Busby and you wield the birch."

Père Polycarpe, Carme chaussé de la ville de Gex, qui enseignoit a religion et le Latin a une douzaine de petits écoliers, se donna aupres d'eux tous un nouvel emploi. Tout fut découvert, et il se retira en Suisse. (1771.)

Note 61, Line 920.

" Flog, lechers, flog ! the measured strokes adjust,
'Tis well your cassocks hide your rising lust."

" O quoties rigidâ pulsabis pallia vena,
Sis gravior Curio Fabricioque licet."

MART., xi., 17.

" Ainsi, depuis une semaine,
La longue roideur de ma veine,
Pour néant rouge, et bien en point
Bat ma chemise et mon pourpoint."
[VIEUX POETE FRANÇOIS.]

Note 62, Line 919.

" As most familiar with the nether place."

This anecdote must have some truth in it, for it was related by Mr. Freemantle in an after-dinner party over his wine. Mr. Jephson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, probably could have made the same recognition of his pupils.

Note 63, Line 954.

" But, if the stopper is replaced with care,
The scent diffused evaporates in air."

Mr. Richard Heber, M.P. for Oxford, the great book collector, is the gentleman here meant. Mr. Heber's shame was brought to light in consequence of an action for libel, instituted by Mr. Hartshorn against the editor of a newspaper, wherein pointed allusions were made to a supposed intimacy between Mr. Heber and Mr. Hartshorn's son. In this action Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, was counsel for the plaintiff.

Note 64, Line 993.

" Where'er he goes to know his shame is spread."

" Such delinquents are sufficiently punished by the shame and infamy of a discovery." (Bentham, Théorie des peines et recomp., v. i., p. 55, 3d. ed. French.)

Sterne was of the same opinion, for he seems to consider that, where the matter had not natural results, it was folly to create legal ones, and that, where nature was blind, man too might honestly pretend to shut his eyes. This is his argument (see Tristram Shandy, c. 259): " It is a great pity, but 'tis certain, from everybody's observation of man, that he may be set on fire, like a candle, at either end, provided there is a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not, there's an end of the affair, and if there is—by lighting it at the *bottom*,

as the flame in that case has the misfortune, generally, to put out itself—there is an end of the affair again."

In another part of the same work the author's allusions bear evidently on the same subject.

"I beseech you, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "to tell me which is the *blind* gut?" "The blind gut," answered Dr. Slop, "lies between the *Ilion* and the *Colon*." "In a man?" said my father. "'Tis precisely the same," cried Dr. Slop, "in man or woman." "That's more than I know," quoth my father.

Note 65, Line 976.

"Will only add momentum to your fall,
And stain the scutcheon in your father's hall."

The youth here alluded to probably the Honourable James Stanhope, brother of the present Lord Stanhope, who served in Sicily, was the intimate friend of Mr. Heber, and, soon after the disclosures made respecting the latter gentleman, hung himself in an outhouse at Caen Wood, the residence of his father-in-law, Lord Mansfield.

Note 66, Line 986.

"An exile to a foreign land he'll fly;
Neglected live, and broken-hearted die."

Mr. Grey Bennett, who was maligned in the *Age* newspaper, in some verses which had reference to the name of a Brussels valet-de-place, one Valle, with gross insinuations of an improper intimacy between them. His death is recorded in Galignani's Messenger as having take place at Florence some few days before, June 16, 1836.

Note 67, Line 998.

"The panic flight, the suicidal beam,
The knife, the bullet, do they trifles seem?"

In the *Ledger* Newspaper (as quoted in *Galignani's Messenger* of May 28, 1836) we read the following account of a gentleman who cuts his throat, driven to desperation by the most dastardly and ignoble treatment of a brutal mob at Brighton:—"An inquest was held at Brighton on Tuesday on the body of Mr. Stanley Stokes, a

proctor, of Doctor's Commons, who cut his throat in East Street in that town on Saturday night. Sunders, the landlord of the New Ship Hotel, on Saturday night had laid a plan to intercept him, and, accompanied by a crowd of fellows, after charging him with an indecent assault on a boy's person, they simultaneously mobbed him, smeared his face with tar, gave him severe blows on the head with fists, sticks, etc., until he fell down. Whilst undergoing this persecution, the unhappy man, in the open street, drew a penknife from his pocket, and inflicted a severe wound in his throat. He was immediately conveyed to the hospital, and for a day or two the wound went on favourably, but the nervous excitement under which he laboured, and the blows which he had received, producing fever, he gradually sunk and expired."

Note 68, Line 1000.

" Thirst ye for blood? and will no punishment
" But what Old Bailey metes, your hearts content? "

The whole purport of what has been said, may be summed up in a paragraph extracted from a French newspaper of July 18, 1833, of which this is the translation :—" A noble marquis was recently fined for an indecent attempt upon a gendarme ; the laugh went amazingly against the Marquis ; many persons would not believe the story : yet incredible as it is, the same thing has recurred this day. A M. Briene was accused before the Sixth Chamber of an indecent assault upon a city serjeant. From the precise evidence given by the serjeant no doubt could be left in the judges' minds ; Briene was condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment." Here we have the fine and the laugh for the Marquis, and the fortnight's prison for the humbler individual. Will Mr. Peel please to say this is not better than death warrants and gibbets ; not to mention the distress of innocent families rendered miserable for ever. (Free Exam. Pen. Stat., by A. Pilgrim, p. 74.)

It is pleasing to be able to quote the celebrated author of *Scienza della Legislatione*, Filangeri, in favour of milder laws against anti-physical propensities, having a passage from Œschines (in Timarchum) which shows that any Athenian who had become a notorious catamite, was ineligible as archon, priest or magistrate, or herald, was excluded from the temples, and, in fine, lost his civil rights ; he then adds :— " I cannot omit comparing this law with the horrid punishment of burning, inflicted on pæderasts by the emperors Constantius, Constans, and Valentinian. (Vid. Cod. Theod. tit. ad Leg. Jul.) I shudder," he then continues, " to see laws so ferocious so universally adopted.

I shudder when I find that the only alteration made in England in the ancient statute is confined to changing the stake for the gallows. I shudder more than any man can do in thinking that Justinian, when he promulgated a law against this delinquency, was satisfied with the deposition of a single witness, even if that witness were a child." (Lib. iii., c. 48, tit. 6.)

Note 69, Line 1008.

"But, Draco like, thou (gainsay who that can)
Didst add a clause to sink a drowning man."

These strictures are not altogether just. It was in May, 1828, that Mr. Peel, in revising the criminal code, introduced some changes respecting the punishment of sodomy. Before this time the punishment was death, but then it was necessary that the witness should swear to having seen the actual perpetration; now the punishment is not capital, but the conviction is rendered considerably easier. The reader must decide upon the amendment.

Note 70, Line 1042.

"Behold yon reptile with his squinting eyes:
Him shall my curses follow till he dies."

"Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth till a tenfold opportunity offers; it may come yet! There are others more to be blamed than ****, and it is on them my eyes are fixed unceasingly."—(Moore's Life of Byron, vol. 3, p. 249.)

Lord Byron's animosity against Dr. Lushington, for the advice he gave Lady Byron, seems to have known no bounds;—or is it Sir Samuel Romilly who is meant?

Note 71, Line 1089.

"And pearls of many a carat's worth are weighed."

Diamonds are estimated by their weight in carats; a carat is four grains.

Note 72, Line 1098.

Feridjee, cloak or mantle of cloth, generally of a gay colour, worn by Turkish women out of doors.

Note 73, Line 1102.

" Save when the araba, by oxen drawn."

Araba, a light wagon, drawn by oxen, in which Turkish women are carried out of town, in their daily excursions. There is a tilt over it; and is covered in by curtains all round.

Note 74, Line 1109.

" Her Aga slowly quits the selamlik."

Aga, the master of the house.
Selamlik, or salutation room, a small room just within the entrance door, where the master receives his male visitors.

Note 75, Line 1110.

" The harem opens to his loud testoor."

Testoor, or by your leave.

Note 76, Line 1143.

" Catch Parr with Meursius or with Fanny Hill."

At the sale of Dr. Parr's library, Meursius (Eleg. Lat. Serm.) was among the books.

Note 77, Line 1154.

" I oft have heard my venerable sire
The ancients praise; their doctrines, too, admire."

Catullus sings of his Juvencus's caresses with a feeling of voluptuousness so touching that a female must necessarily be envious of it.
Horace and Martial are two out of a hundred learned and eminent men among the ancients who wrote freely on erotic subjects: contemporary with Martial was Sabellus, an amatory writer, Calvus,

the rival of Cicero, Hortensius, a more formidable rival still, were authors of lascivious works; Samius another.

"Nec minus Hortensi, nec sunt minus improba Servi
Carmina; quis dubitat nomina tenta sequi?"
OVID, Trist. ii., 441.

"Quid referam Ticidæ, quid Memni carmen? apud quos
Rebus abest omnis nominibusque pudor."
OVID, Trist. ii., 1, 443.

Musæus was an erotic writer, Novius another.

"Cinna quoque his comes est Cinna procacior Anser."
OVID, Trist. ii., 435.

Many female authors on such subjects are mentioned by ancient writers; thus Philænis wrote a treatise, *Dievariis Modis Cocundi*; Elephantis another on the same subject, Cyrene another, yet they are all said to have been "Claræ literis et philosophia." Calistrata, also, a Lesbian Poetess, and Nico, a Samian maid, may be included in this list.

Note 78, Line 1176.

"Lest mischief from too rude assaults should come
To copulate *ex more pecudum*."

I have read somewhere the following couplets, alluding to this mode of copulation:—

———"Which some have named
The Trojan horse, whereby is meant, instead
Of copulating by the usual mode,
You enter from behind the dark abode."

Note 79, Line 1216.

"Yet, frowsy, there the pipe-clayed soldier sports,
And bishops hold episcopalian courts."

Voltaire somewhere says "Ce qui ne parroit qu'une foiblesse dans le jeune Alcibiade est une abomination dégoutante dans un matelot Hollandois, ou un vivandier Moscovite."

Note 80, Line 1218.

" 'Tis there the Bath empiric's finger guides
The oiled bougie, and as the dildo slides."

Whoever has visited Bath must have heard of a surgeon, by the name of Hicks, who pretends to cure strictures in the rectum by the insertion of bougies of enormous dimensions up the anus in male and female patients. The morning meetings of ten or a dozen persons of both sexes, all waiting to undergo the same mode of cure (for he never fails to discover stricture or tendency to stricture, in all those persons who consult him), must be ludicrous and somewhat obscene. Why does he not follow the plan of Enothea, a harlot spoken of by Petronius? " Profert Enothea scorteum fascinum, quod, ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticæ trito circumdedit semine, paulatim cœpit insere ano meo." It may not be amiss to observe that the *fascinum* (Gallice *godmiché*, Anglice *dildo*) was a substitute for the human penis, known to the ancients as well as to the moderns.

Note 81, Line 1220.

" Besmeared, to meet last night's descending meal,
Oft makes the stricture he pretends to heal."

" Atque illic histerna occurere cænæ."

Juv. ix., 24.

Note 82, Line 1226.

" But when ablution purifies its gates,
And from within no odour emanates."

" As man is gifted with the power of perfecting whatever nature has granted him, so he has perfected love. Cleanliness, and attention to the person, by rendering the skin more delicate, increase the pleasure of the touch, and add sensibility to the organs of voluptuousness."—Mirabeau.

Bow-street.—Inspector Reason and Sergeant Hunt, officers appointed to enforce the regulations of the common lodging house Act, attended before Mr. Jardine to prefer complaints against several of the occupiers of rooms in Wyld-court, Drury-lane—one of the worst localities within the jurisdiction of the court.

Sergeant Hunt proved that between 12 and 3 o'clock in the morning

of the 12th inst. he visited a room occupied by James Donovan, at 8, Wyld-court, having previously given him the usual notices to register, and repeatedly informed him of the necessary regulations, by which he was prohibited from taking lodgers while his own family (already exceeding the number allowed) were living with him. Witness found two beds in the room, the first containing the defendant and his three daughters, aged 17, 16, and 15, and a boy aged 8. The second bed contained a man and his wife, who were paying 8d. per week for the lodging. Witness visited the room again yesterday morning, and found the defendant and his daughters sleeping together as before, but the second bed was empty.

Mr. Jardine inflicted a penalty of 20s., upon which Donovan declared that he had not a penny in the world, nor any goods worth seizing. He was consequently committed for 21 days; but, having been subsequently detected in passing a stocking containing 40s. to one of his daughters, his worship had him replaced in the dock and compelled to pay the fine.

Daniel Carthy and Michael Sullivan (an old offender) were next charged.

The usual caution had been given to the defendants, but when Hunt visited Carthy's room, in which four persons only were allowed by the regulations, he found two dirty beds on the floor, the first of which contained the defendant, his wife, a girl of 16, and two boys aged 15 and 10; and the second a man and his wife, a girl of 13, and two boys (15 and 13). The room was very filthy, and yesterday morning, on repeating his visit, witness found the same persons there, and the room in the same condition. In Sullivan's room there were five beds, all on the floor. The first bed contained the defendant, his wife, a boy of 16, and a girl of 14, with another boy of 10, and an infant. In the second bed there were a woman, a girl, and a child; in the third bed a man, his wife, a girl of 16, and two boys (12 and 7); in the fourth bed a woman and two boys; and in the fifth a man. There were no partitions of any kind to separate the sexes. The total number of persons in the room was 20, but seven only were allowed.

It appeared that Sullivan had been before convicted, once or twice, while occupying a room in Lincoln-court, which he had given up to his wife. Hunt stated that Carthy had shown a disposition to comply with the regulations since the summons had been taken out, but the same people were in the rooms on the occasion of witness's second visit.

Mr. Jardine, after commenting with indignation upon the swinish manner in which these people were huddled together, without a

sense of decency or morality, fined Sullivan £5, and committed him for two months in default.

The summons against Carthy was suspended.

Jeremiah Donovan, of 2, Wyld-court, was proved to be the occupier of a room on the ground floor, in which there were two beds, one of them containing the defendant, his wife, his two daughters aged 18 and 10, and a servant girl out of place aged 14.

The sergeant stated that only one person would be allowed in the room. The beds were made up of loose dirty straw on the ground, and emitted a horrible stench—there being no means whatever of ventilating the room.

Mr. Jardine fined him £3 and costs, committing him for a month in default of payment.

Another man named John Lynch, occupying a room in the same court, was fined £4, or a month's imprisonment in default.

Note 83, Line 1243.

" Thou'lt say the seed that there is spilt
Thwarts Nature's purposes and argues guilt."

It is quite clear that the author of this epistle had read *Justine, ou Les Malheurs de la Vertu*, by the Marquis de Sade, as the arguments used in the sixteen following lines are assuredly taken from that extraordinary work. The public journals have lately been filled with execrations against the memory of that nobleman, who had recently died in an advanced age ; but why is he worse than Pliny the Younger, who wrote lascivious poetry, and takes no great shame to himself for having done so? (Vid. *Epist.* xviii., *Epist.* iv., 14, 15) and Ausonius (*Cent. Nupt.*) alludes to these writings of Pliny as something very obscene. Meminerint autem quippe eruditi probatissimo viro, Plinio, in poematiis lasciviam, in moribus constitisse censuram.

Note 84, Line 1263.

" Ah, fatal hour, that saw my prayer succeed,
And my fond bride enact the Ganymede."

" Juno fuit pro Ganymede Jovi."

Note 85, Line 1265.

" Quick from my mouth some bland saliva spread,
The ingress smoothed to her new maidenhead."

Juvenal tells us that the Romans used to lubricate the same orifice in the same way.

———————" Ille fruatur
Vocibus obscænis, omnique libidinis arte,
Quid Lecadæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem."
Juv. xi., 171.

Note 76, Line 1261.

" But this I swear, that not a single sign
Proved that her pleasure did not equal mine."

Rousseau appears to have considered this unnatural gratification a one-sided affair. He writes (Nouv. Hél., 2me partie): " Je me souviens des reflexions que nous faisions, en lisant ton Plutarque, sur un gout dépravé qui outrage la nature. Quand ces tristes plaisirs n'auraient que de n'être partagés, c'en seroit assez (disions nous) pour les rendre insipides et méprisables."

In another work, his Confessions (part I., book 2, p. 109), wherein he relates the circumstances of an attempt made on his chastity by a Piedmontese priest, Rousseau says :—" Il " (that is the priest) " me dit gravement que c'etoit un œuvre defendu comme la paillardise, mais dont au reste l'intention n'etoit pas plus offensante pour la personne qui en étoit l'objet, et qu'il n'y avoit pas de quoi s'irriter si fort pour avoir été trouvé aimable. Il me dit sans détour que lui-même dans sa jeunesse avoit eu le même honneur, et qu'ayant été surpris hors d'état de faire resistance, il n'avoit rien trouve là de si cruel. Il poussa l'impudence jusqu'à se servir de ses propres termes ; et s'imaginant que la cause de ma resistance etait la crainte de la douleur, il m'assura que cette crainte etait vaine, et qu'il ne falloit pas s'alarmer de rien."

Note 86, Line 1273.

" Ah, fatal hour, from thence my sorrows date.
Thence sprung the source of her undying hate."

In vol. iv., p. 555, of Byron's Life, Lady B. is made to say, when speaking of her separation from her husband, " Although I had

reason for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge of even my father and another, &c." Was this the part of the case that Lady B. meant?

Note 87, Line 1283.

"Lest, under false pretences thou should'st turn
A faithless friend, and these confessions burn."

"It was a pity that nothing, save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors, but there was a reason." Premat nox alta.—LIFE OF BYRON.

Note 88, Line 1333.

"And where to fame the great and good consign
Their ashes, living thou shalt blazon thine."

In *Galignani's Messenger* of June 11 (quoted from the *Globe*), we find who it was that the writer meant in the preceding lines. Here is the paragraph. "We yesterday stated that a case was under inquiry during the day at Queen Square Office, with closed doors. From delicacy we withheld the name of the individual charged; but the publicity given to it by the morning papers renders further concealment unnecessary: it is Mr. William John Bankes, M.P. for Dorsetshire. On its being known outside the office that the public were excluded, the greatest murmuring took place, and frequent were the cries of 'It is because he is a rich man.' One of the witnesses, who was highly indignant at the exclusion of the reporters, promised to take copious notes of the evidence adduced; and the public are indebted to him for the account of what transpired at this second examination of the wealthy individual. Mr. Bankes was accused of having been seen standing behind the screen of a place for making water against Westminster Abbey walls, in company with a soldier named Flower, and of having been surprised with his breeches and braces unbuttoned at ten at night, his companion's dress being in similar disorder. Other circumstances transpired, inducing a belief that a criminal connexion had taken place between them. When the evidence was finished, Mr. White, the magistrate, required bail in two sureties for £3000 each. Mr. Bankes, senior, the prisoner's father, soon after arrived with another gentleman. Their bail was accepted. Mr. Bankes, senior, never once looked on his son. The prisoner was then escorted by a strong body of the police into the Birdcage Walk, followed by an immense crowd, hooting and reviling

As soon as the prisoner got into the park, the constables blocked up the gateway, whilst he (Mr. Bankes, jun.) got into his father's carriage, which immediately drove off.

At Mr. Bankes's trial, the Duke of Wellington,—Montgomery, Esq., Samuel Rogers, the poet, Mr. Bankes, the father, Lord F. Somerset, Dr. Butler, Master of Harrow, Dr. Chambers, Lord Burghersh, Mr. Galley Knight, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Caledon, The Rev. Mr. Jones, Sir E. Kerrison, Mr. Rose, Mr. Seaton, a barrister, Mr. Harcourt, M.P. for Derby, Dr. Batten, the Earl of Brownlow, Captain York, M.P. for Cambridge, Mr. Clive, M.P., Mr. Bond, Mr. R. Gordon, M.P., Mr. Harris, one of the judges of the Insolvent Court, Honourable Mr. Dundas, Lord Gage, Sir C. Beckwith, Mr. Peach, Honourable Mr. Best, Mr. Arbuthnot, Lord Cowley, Lord Brecknock, Sir C. Grant, Mr. William Smyth, professor at Cambridge, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Beachey, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Mr. D. Bailey, The Rev. G. Picker and Mr. D. Brown. Some of these noblemen and gentlemen had known Mr. Bankes, the prisoner, for thirty years, the majority of them from twenty up to thirty years. They were all on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, and they all delcared that, although Mr. Bankes was a most open, candid, agreeable, and lively person, he was never yet known to be guilty of any expression bordering on licentiousness or profaneness. The Lord Chief Justice then summed up the evidence, and the jury, after consulting together about twelve minutes, returned a verdict of Not Guilty. The foreman, Colonel Astell, added, 'I am farther directed by the jury to declare their unanimous opinion that the defendants leave this court without the least stain upon their characters from this trial.'"

THE GLOBE.

In September, 1841, this same Mr. Bankes was again brought before a magistrate for indecently exposing himself in the Green Park, and was set at liberty on bail. Mr. B. this time forfeited his recognizances, disappeared from society, and has not been heard of since.

Note 89, Line 1391.

"The willing maid who plights her marriage vows,
Owes blind obedience to her lawful spouse."

The women of Rome were so convinced of the necessity of this blind obedience to their husband's caprices, that they had sometimes no resource left them but to endeavour to assimilate themselves to boys. Accordingly, we find Martial's wife inviting him to use her

person in the manner most agreeable to his perverted taste; though, for reasons not very obvious to uninitiated persons, he declines her offer. These are the lines:

Deprensum in puero, tetricis me vocibus, uxor,
Corripis, et culum te quoque habere refers.
Dixit idem quoties lascivo Juno Tonanti?
Ille tamen gracili cum Ganymede jacet.
Parce tuis igitur dare nomina mascula rebus,
Te que puta cunnos, uxor, habere duos.

Note 90, Line 1429.

"Amidst the firmament, when comets sail,
Where are our eyes directed? On its tail."

"Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now you all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails. What jovial times!"

TRISTRAM SHANDY, ch. c.

Note 91, Line 1443.

"Divulge it not, lest Lushington should know,
And fill your cup with calumny and woe."

Lord Byron's rage against Sir S. Romilly and Dr. Lushington, for the advice they gave to Lady Byron seems to have known no bounds. In his Life, vol. iii., p. 249, we read, "Do you suppose I have forgotten or forgiven it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth 'till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet! There are others more to be blamed than *****, and it is on them my eyes are fixed unceasingly."

Note 92, Line 1464.

"Closed is the Cnidian temple, and we see,
Writ on its walls—Hic nefas mingere."

Mingere, besides usual acceptation, has another meaning, familiar to the later satirists, who use it for *semen emittere*. Horace has *Hunc perminx ere calores*. Pliny says, instead of semen, *urina genitalis*.

Some curious details about one of Byron's minor poems are given by a correspondent, who adds his name and address.

Commercial School, Leipsic, July 5.

Among Lord Byron's occasional pieces there is one headed "From the Portuguese—Tu mi chamas," followed by another version, without any date or note being appended to either. What may have induced the editor (I have before me Murray's one volume edition, 1846) to place these verses between those of the years 1813 and 1814 I am at a loss to account for; but I am enabled to communicate a fact, which, I doubt not, will be interesting to the lovers of the great poet.

Looking the other day over the autographs in the possession of my friend and colleague Signor Bartolomeo di Renier, professor of the Italian language and literature, a native of Venice, and nephew to the defunct Doge Renier, the predecessor of Manini, I was struck by the sight of a sheet of paper, having a miniature full-length engraving of Byron (at the age of nineteen) attached to it, and bearing his unmistakeable, distinctly legible handwriting in pencil. Judge of my surprise, when eagerly reading the lines, I found them to run as follows:—

"You call me still your life: Oh, change the word;
Life is as transient as the inconstant's sigh;
Say rather I am your soul! More better (sic) that name;
For, like the soul, my love can never die."

BYRON.

Turning round to my friend for an explanation, he informed me that Byron, with whom he had become acquainted at Venice, and in whose company he used almost daily to swim, penned those lines for him one morning after their return from their aquatic exercise. Signore Renier, in his then youthful ardour and buoyancy of spirits (he was Lord Byron's junior by ten years), being constantly in the habit of addressing the poet by the endearing terms "Vita mia." The year was 1819. There can be no doubt that the above lines were the first rough off-hand version, subsequently improved upon in the paraphrase commencing, "In moments to delight devoted" (and we know now what was implied by that delight), though also retained and published in its original state; with an emendation,

however, of the glaring solecism, and the omission of the 's in the second line, converting the noun into an adjective.

I am, &c.,

DR. D. ASHER.

Athenæum, Sept. 19, 1859.

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURTS, Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1853.
(Before Vice-Chancellor Sir R. T. Kindersley.)
Hobhouse v. *Bland*.

This was a suit to administer the estate of Lord Byron, and the question in the suit arose chiefly in respect of the costs, with reference to the rights of the encumbrancers on the property of the residuary legatees, seventeen in number. There was also a question with respect to a legacy left to Lord Byron by the will of Percy B. Shelley, which the former repudiated in a letter written to Mr. Leigh Hunt, which letter was never communicated to Lord Byron's executors, and only appeared during the course of this suit. The latter part was as follows :—

"I knew you long before Mr. S—— knew either you or me, and you and two more of his friends are the only ones whom I can at all reflect upon as men whose acquaintance was honourable or agreeable. I have one thing more to state, which is, that from this moment I must decline the office of acting as his executor in any respect, and also all further connexion with his family, in any of its branches, now or hereafter. There was something about a legacy of £2,000 which he had left me ; this, of course, I decline, and the more so that I hear that his will is admitted valid ; and I state this distinctly that, in case of anything handed to me, my heirs may be instructed not to claim it.

"Yours ever truly,
"N. B."

Mr. Baily, Mr. Willcock, Mr. Sidebottom, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. S. Thompson, Mr. Bevir, Mr. J. Jervis, Mr. Fooks, Mr. Bagshawe, Mr. Byron, Mr. Wickens, Mr. Amphlett, Mr. Giffard, Mr. Walford, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Egan, Mr. Renshawe, Mr. Walker, and Mr. A. Smith appeared for the several parties.

Certain annuities under the will having fallen into arrear, such arrears were now claimed ; but

The Vice-Chancellor rose shortly after 2 o'clock to attend chambers, and the further hearing of this case stands over until to-morrow.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—In the question that was brought the other day before the Vice-Chancellor, respecting Mr. Shelley's will, a letter was produced, written to me by the late Lord Byron, which, it appears, has given rise to great misconstruction. Allow me, therefore, to say that the circumstance of which Lord Byron speaks as having been told him by me, implied nothing which I considered blameable on the part of Mr. Shelley or his family. It originated in something quite the reverse, and consisted simply of an opinion which they had entertained respecting a point in the conduct of Lord Byron himself.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dec. 2, 1853. LEIGH HUNT.

LEON TO ANNABELLA

LEON TO ANNABELLA

AN EPISTLE FROM

LORD BYRON
TO LADY BYRON

EXPLAINING

THE REAL CAUSE OF ETERNAL SEPARATION,

AND FORMING

THE MOST CURIOUS PASSAGE

IN THE

SECRET HISTORY OF THE NOBLE POET

"Lady Byron can never cohabit with her noble husband again. He has given cause for a separation which can never be revealed; but the honour due to the female sex forbids all further intercourse for ever."

Opinion of Dr. Lushington on the Question of Divorce.

INTRODUCTION

The following lines were found written on several loose sheets of paper in a cottage by the roadside, about a mile from the *Porta all'argine*, at Pisa. To this cottage an English gentleman, whose name could not be learned, and who resided some time in that city, used occasionally to resort for the purpose of firing at a mark with pistols. To save the trouble of carrying his ammunition backwards and forwards, he deposited an old trunk in the garret of the cottage, with some pistol balls, a bullet mould, several pieces of lead, &c., wrapped up in these apparently useless pieces of paper. On the Englishman's quitting the country, which, it is supposed, was rather suddenly in consequence of some quarrel he got into, the trunk was forgotten and became the peasant's property, who took it for a clothes trunk, and lined the bottom of it with the paper, excepting a sheet, which, one cold day, he cut in half, and pasted up in the place of two broken panes of glass.

In walking out of the environs of Pisa, accident drew the writer of this notice into conversation with the peasant in question; and the weather being very hot (for it was in the month of August), the man requested him to walk in, and to rest himself. Whilst sitting down, his eye caught sight of the writing in the window. Curiosity led him to read it; and finding that it was in verse and in English, he asked how it came there, upon which the peasant related his story. This naturally led to a desire of obtaining possession of the other fragments, which were taken from the bottom of the trunk, and given up for a trifling present.

The writer amused himself afterwards in putting the detached portions together. He found much difficulty in fitting them in a way to make a connected sense; but at last he succeeded.

Some apology is due for the interpolation of ten whole lines in one place, two couplets and a halt in another, and several patches here and there: thus botched together, the verses, with the supposed title of "An Epistle after the Manner of Ovid," are given to the reader. It is impossible to say to whom they relate; but there may

be persons able to recognize the individual who would be likely to give vent to such angry feelings. Some doubts may be entertained as to the propriety of printing what was evidently intended to be private and confidential; but it was imagined that, as the author seemed to attach no great interest to the preservation of what he had written, a perfect stranger to him could not be blamed for showing the like indifference in making his effusions public.

LEON TO ANNABELLA

AN EPISTLE
AFTER THE MANNER OF OVID.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato.

FROM proud Venetia's desolated strand
Peruse these traces of a husband's hand;
Or, if that honoured word offends thy ear,
Read for the sake of him who once was dear.
An exile in a foreign clime I roam,
Expelled thy bed, and driven from my home.
Be this enough to satisfy thy hate,
If not enough my crime to expiate.
My crime!—What was it?—Publish it aloud—
Why thus in mystery thy dudgeon shroud?
Utter thy wrongs; or mine, if just, redress;
Lady, be bold, and prove my wickedness;
Nor let malicious calumny proclaim,
With foulest tongue, dishonour on my name.
Thou know'st, when first I wooed thy maiden vow,
A poet's laurels decked my youthful brow;
And, thou descended from a noble race,
Whose blazon'd scutcheons might their issue grace,

My pride was not by them alone to shine ;
The lustre borrowed I repaid with mine.
Thou know'st, how many matrons spread their wiles,
How many daughters lavished all their smiles !
All these I scorned—that scorn by thee returned,
Whilst others burned for me, for thee I burned,
Till, won at last, I to the altar led
Thy faltering steps : the priest his rubric said.
Thy promised troth to honour and obey
Was faintly pledged, and pledged but to betray,
  How rash the mariner would seem to be,
Who launches forth his vessel on the sea
Without a compass, with no lead to sound ;
No marks to show the harbour where he's bound :
Unknown what shoals lie hid, what winds assail,
What fogs mephitic on the coast prevail.
So thoughtless man, who sets his mast afloat
To seek the haven of a petticoat,
Upon an inauspicious strand may run,
And mourn his folly e'er his course is done.
Nay, e'en the morrow's dawn may see him rise,
In vain regretting his rash enterprise.
  Oh ! woman, oft the homage you inspire
Is not on you bestowed, but your attire.
For who cay say if what delights our eyes
Is nature's self, or nature in disguise ?
The pallid cheek and bloodless lip we see,
But all the rest is clothed in mystery.

In airy dreams imagination strays ;
Counts every charm, and, daring, seems to raise
The jealous robe that hides your snowy limbs,
Till, drunk with thought, the brain in pleasure swims.
Vain hopes ! which cruel disappointments pay.
That tissue covers only mortal clay.
When marriage comes the gaudy vestments fall,
And all our joys may prove apocryphal.
For when the abigail's officious hand
Has loosened here a string, and there a band ;
When, slipping to the tag, the bursting lace
Has given you breath ; and, rumbling to their place,
The joyous entrails set your flanks at ease ;
When nothing veils you but a thin chemise ;
The bridegroom's happy, who, between the sheets,
Without alloy the promised banquet meets.
What lot was mine—and, on my wedding night,
What viands waited for my appetite—
I will not say : but e'en the best repast,
Repeated often, surfeits us at last.
The surfeit came : to this my crime amounts,
I fain would slake my thirst from other founts.
But, not like those, who, with adult'rous steps,
Seek courtesans and hackney'd demireps,
I left thee not beneath a widow'd quilt,
To take another partner of my guilt.
Thy charms were still my refuge—only this,
I hoped to find variety in bliss.

Thou know'st, when married, from the church we came,
Heedless I called thee by thy *maiden* name.
Unmeaning words !—yet some malignant fiend,
Who under friendship's garb the poison screened,
Could draw an omen from a verbal slip,
And drug the nuptial chalice at thy lip :
Could bid thee mark that man with evil eye,
Whose thoughts still lingered on celibacy.
Believe it not :—the scene my mind confused,
Of coming joys, and not on past I mused.
I saw the ring upon thy finger shine ;
If that could make a wife, I saw thee mine.
The surplice man his mockery had done,
And Mother Church of two had made us one.
Attesting hands had inked the feathered quill,
And yet there seemed a something wanting still ;
And yet, I know not why, my tongue denied
To call thee dame, although thou wast my bride.
For still thy virgin look and maiden guise
Were seemings stronger than realities ;
Which said, " Beside thee hangs a lovely flower,
Pluck it, 'tis thine : thou only hast the power."
But nature whispered, till that hour arrived,
Though fools might tell me so, I was not wived.
And Cynthia's lamp had lit the firmament ;
But when lone night had spread her sable tent,
When the flushed bride-maid had her office done,
And ingress to the bridal bow'r was won ;

When on thy naked neck a fervent kiss
Announced the prelude of impending bliss ;
When, half resisting, yielding half, I pressed
Thy trembling form ; when—but thou know'st the rest.
Then, and then only, would my heart avow,
This is the wedding—thou art madam now :
And glibly to my lips the accents came
At next day's dawn, " How fares it with thee, dame ? "
The happy moments in thy arms enjoyed.
Whilst love was new, nor yet possession cloyed.
Our joys, when virgin diffidence was o'er,
I pass in silence : moments now no more.
For oft a bride from modesty restrains
The latent heat that bubbles in her veins.
From coyness checks the impulse that she feels,
And on the sense by slow caresses steals.
Thus passed the fleeting hours, and still had passed,
But fate resolved our nuptial joys to blast.
One day a boon thou seemedst to require.
" Leon, I go to see my honoured sire :
" My mother, too—'tis long since we have met ;
" And, loving thee, I must not them forget."
" Speed thee," I cried, " and brief, dame, make thy stay,
" Dreary's the husband's couch whose wife's away.
" Nor let thy filial piety preclude
" Some lines each day to cheer my solitude."
Thou wentest : and the chariot of the sun
Had scarcely half the morrow's journey run,

When thy much-longed for tablets came,
To tell thy Leon thou wert still the same.
Another letter followed close the first.
With eager hand the waxen seal I burst:
But could I read, and credit what I read?
"Leon, in future think of me as dead.
"Take back the ring which late my finger wore;
"For, though thy wife, thou ne'er wilt see me more."
Aghast I stood, in motionless surprise,
And whence, thought I, can such a change arise?
At first I hoped there might some error be:
But no! the hand was thine, and sent to me.
Not more amaz'd, while feasting in his hall,
Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall:
Not e'en the felon looks with deeper gloom
Upon the warrant which decides his doom.
In vain I passed my actions in review:
My faults were many, but they were not new.
The harlot's smile, the waissail's merriment,
With boon companions all my substance spent;
All this was known before thou wast my bride;
Methought for this 'twas now too late to chide.
Thus mused I long: 'till, with conjecture tired,
Alone and sad I to my couch retired.
The night was cold, the wind tempestuous blew:
My curtain round me mournfully I drew.
And wert thou there (thus to myself I said)
My breast should be a pillow for thy head,

Lock'd in my arms the storm might rage its fill :
'Twould only make me clasp thee closer still,
Then, as I lay, my memory portrayed
A picture of thy charms ; and Love, in aid,
Called up the tender pastimes of the night,
When shame was lulled, and transport at its height.
Yes, truth to tell (I cried) thy form was fair ;
Thy skin was alabaster, and thy hair
Fell in profusion down thy raper waist.
And oh ! what undulating beauties graced
Those loins whose fall had mocked the sculptor's hand,
And gained thee worship in a Cnidian land.
Whilst these reflexions in my brains ferment,
Sudden their course assumed another bent.
What ! if by thoughtless indiscretion led,
Thou couldst betray the secrets of our bed ?
I know thy unsuspecting soul too well—
All, all thou would'st, interrogated tell.
Thy sex will often, under friendship's mask,
Shrive a young bride, and such avowals ask,
As pleaders draw from some deluded wench,
Who brings her Tarquin to the judge's bench.
Then, foul-mouthed, forth their specious venom spout,
And try to put the torch of Hymen out.
Accursed be those of man or womankind,
Who could thy duty and affections blind !
Some serpent she, perhaps, whose jaundiced eye,

Behold our union with malignity.[1]
It could not be thy mother—she's too wise
To blab these Eleusinian mysteries.
She knows the wife, whose conduct prudence guides,
A threefold ægis for herself provides.
Discretion ever is thy sex's boast:
She moves unseen, and comes, like Banquo's ghost,
The bold assassins impious tongue to chill,
Who dares a woman's reputation kill.
Oh! would some goblin take thee pick-a-back
From house to house, and draw the curtains back
Where, sheltered by the mantle of the dark—
Hot with desires which reach high-water mark,
The loving couples play Lampsacian games,
In postures more than Elephantis names;
A sage reserve thou surely had'st maintained.
Nor thought thy chastity nor virtue stained;
Thou had'st not bared my actions to the sun,
Nor scoffers called to mock what we had done.
Thus through the night doubt combatted with grief;
Morn came, but brought my sorrow no relief.
A bland epistle all my woes revealed:
I wrote—my letters were returned unsealed.

[1] "Beheld our union with malignity."
.....Semel cupido dabit illa marito:
Sepius hoc fieri *nutrix materque* vetabunt."

MARTIAL, Epig. xi., 79.

In vain new missives some solution asked,
In vain my bosom every action tasked,
Though silenc'd oft, some voice still seemed to cry,
Thy wife is false to love's freemasonry.
And, though I drove the fancy from my brain,
The fixed idea still returned again.
It made me sad : on me fell all the blame :
The people's talk resounded with my shame.
Men doubted what the mystery could mean ;
Chimæras monstrous filled the darkened scene.
Friends and relations left me one by one,
And like a plague my presence seemed to shun.
Till, stung with rage, and ulcered with my sores,
I left my home, and fled to foreign shores.
So, with a stone, we see some urchin make
A splash upon the bosom of a lake :
In circles back the troubled water flows,
And down the pebble to the bottom goes.
  How here I live, let busy fame report ;
Men's blame I fear not, nor their praises court.
They tell thee harlots sit upon my knee,
And mask and revel in ebriety :
They tell thee atheists, and men profane,
Mock truths divine, and call God's vengeance vain ;
They bid thee mark the ravings of my muse,
And every dirty critic venom spews.
Insensate herd ! 'tis their's to triumph now :
But time shall come, when, on my honoured brow,

Posterity shall place a tardy crown,
And truth shall hurl the base detractors down.
My fears were just! Infatuated maid,
And have their arts your innocence betrayed?
How could'st thou go, *opinions* vile to beg,
And hang thy conscience on a lawyer's peg.
Some lisping fool, with empty dictums big,
Proud of his LLD.D. and periwig.
His mind was not the crucible to try
The deep arcana of love's alchemy,
Whose highest flight of genius seems to be
To settle squabbles on a belfry key.
Shall dolts like him a husband's rights define?
Say wives may grant him this, must that decline,
Arrest the tide with which our passions flow,
And vainly cry no farther shalt thou go?
No!—common stars their usual course maintain,
That order in the universe may reign.
But, through the path of love's celestial sphere
Erratic comets now and then appear,
And spread their tails. With superstitious eye
The vulgar view, and some fear danger nigh.
Not so the sage: his telescope he draws,
And pierces through those fundamental laws
By which the wise Creator's plans may reach
Perfection, not by order, but its breach.
Oh! lady, had'st thou known what mischief hung
On that one slip of my poor silly tongue,

Thou hadst not thus divulged a harmless freak,
And brought contrition on thy pallid cheek.
For dream not peace will ever be thy lot,
Or Leon's wife will henceforth be forgot.
Approving conscience cannot be thy meed,
Fly where thou wilt, thy heart is doomed to bleed,
Through life for thee remains no safe retreat;
Man's finger shall point at thee in the street;
Or, left awhile upon thy thoughts to brood,
Regret shall make a hell of solitude.
And live we then in some Bœtian land,
That love and Themis should go hand in hand?
Fools! take her balance and her sword away;
The sighs of lovers were not made to weigh.
Ah! would you with those manacles repress
The fitful æstus of a warm caress?
Or try Young Hymen's inoffensive sports
By blood-stained statutes and in penal courts?
Hang up the glaive—love does not kill or steal;
He forms no plot against the common weal,
The playful urchin meditates no sin;
Why sternly rein his wanton gamboling?
His harmless deeds were surely never meant
To be defined by act of parliament,
His code was framed where nymphs in synod sat,
And where his mother wore the speaker's hat.
Let Paphian casuists expound his laws,
The only proper judges of our cause.

Oh, lovely woman ! by your Maker's hand
For man's delight and solace wisely planned.
Thankless is she who nature's bounty mocks,
Nor gives Love entrance wheresoe'er he knocks.
The breechless vagrant has no settled spot,
Now seeks the brook, now nestles in the grot.
Where pleasure offers nectar to the lip,
Anon he steals the honied draught to sip.
Shall priest-born prejudice the honeyed draught deny
And send away the thirsty votary ? [1]
Matrons of Rome, held ye yourselves disgraced
In yielding to your husband's wayward taste ?
Ah, no !—By tender complaisance ye reign'd :
No wife of wounded modesty complained.
Though Gracchus sometimes his libations poured
In love's unhallowed vase ; yet, still adored
By sage Cornelia, 'twas her pride to be
His paradise, with no forbidden tree.
The blooming damsel, on the wedding night,
Conducted to the hymenæal fight,[2]
Would pray her lord to spare a virgin's fear,
And take his restive courser to the rear—

[1] Nupta tu quoque, quæ tuus
Vir petet, cave ne neges.
CATUL., lvi., 161.

[2] Novimus instam maritorum abstinentiam, qui, etiamsi virginibus timidis primiam remisere noctem, vicines tamen ludent.—SENEC. Controv., ii.

Put off the venue to another place,
And dread the trial more than the disgrace.
But now no couple can in safety lie;
Between the sheets salacious lawyers pry.
Yet nature varies not:—desires we feel,
As Romans felt; but woe if we reveal,
For what were errors then, our happy times
With sainted zeal have registered as crimes.
Lady, inscribed in characters of gold
This adage—"Truth not always must be told."
Virtues and vices have no certain dye,
But take the colour of society.
The ore which bears the impress of the crown,
Is passed as standard money through the town;
But what we fashion into private plate,
We keep at home and never circulate.

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